SICK

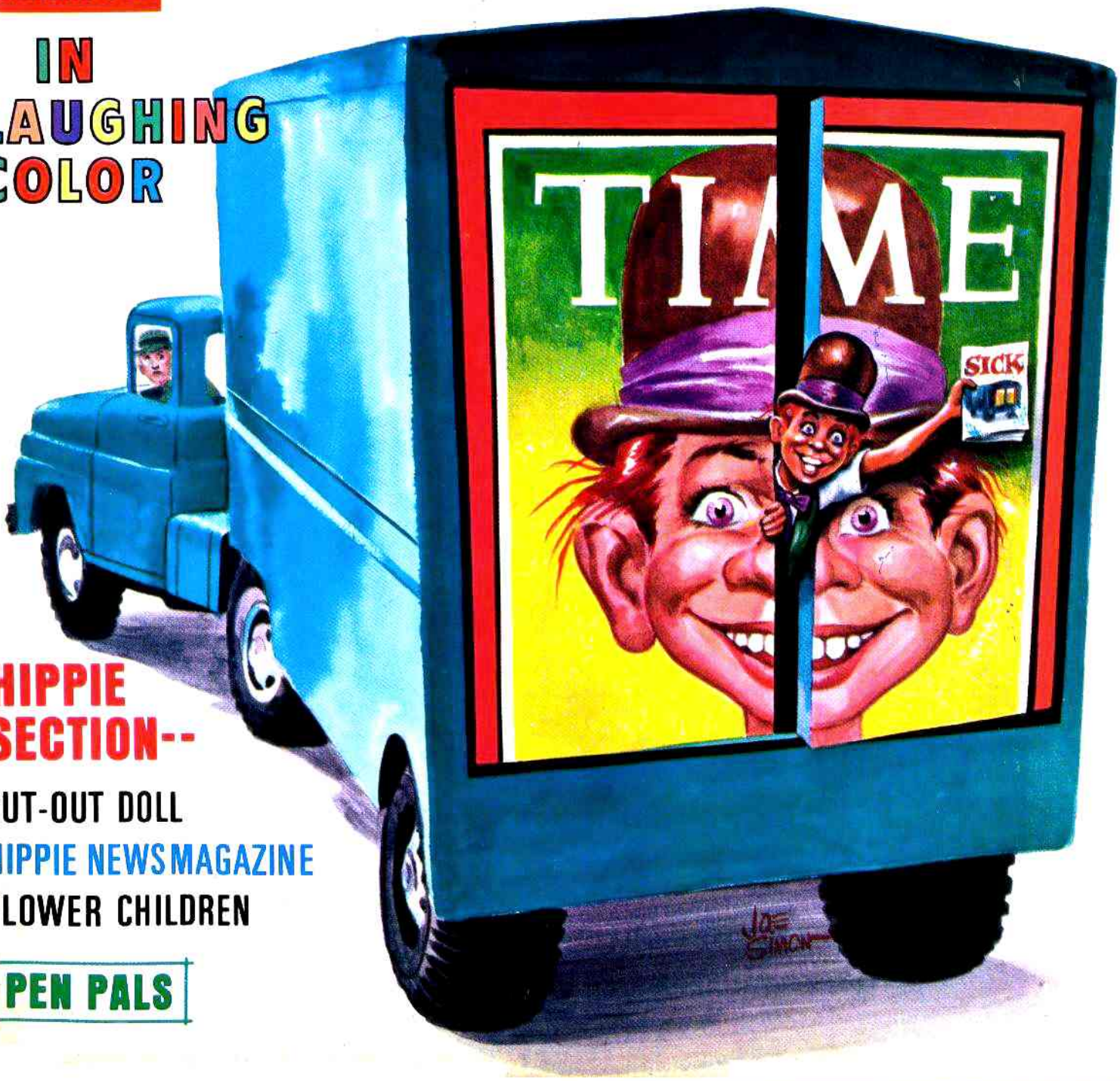
30¢

PDC

BONUS! GLOSSY, FULL-COLOR CENTERFOLD

VIOLENCE PROTEST LABELS!

IN LAUGHING COLOR



HIPPIE SECTION--

CUT-OUT DOLL

HIPPIE NEWSMAGAZINE

FLOWER CHILDREN

PEN PALS

BURN, BABY, BURN!

HELP STAMP OUT BEARS! (They Prevent Forest Fires!)

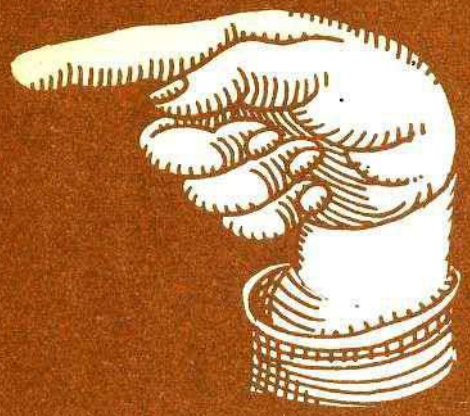
NASSER
EATS BAGELS

STOP TH

HELL NO

TEA-HEADS
FOREVER!

I HATE ASHBURY!



WE'RE ON THE OFFENSIVE WITH THESE VIOLENCE Protest Labels

(PASTE on your book cover, barracks bag or hot rod— and get a paste in the mouth!)

ON SALE NEXT MONTH:

SICK LAFF-IN

OUR BIG NEW ANNUAL WITH A DOUBLE BONUS

2 PSYCHEDELIC FULL-COLOR FULL-SIZE GLOSSY

LAUGH-GUARANTEED POSTERS

A $3 VALUE -- plus

THE BEST OF SICK SATIRE CLASSICS

ALL FOR 50¢ at your newsdealer

SICK

Volume 8, No. 3 March, 1968 No. 59

FEATURE-LENGTH COMMERCIALS
Despite rulings by the F.C.C., sponsors are going to great lengths to make their commercials the same way—in great lengths. Commercials are getting so long, a few of them are even replacing some TV spectaculars. Normally, we would object. But, since the shows of this present TV season are bigger bombs than any produced at Los Alamos, we wouldn't mind seeing feature-length commercials replace the pitiful programs of this seedy season. Let's face it. The plots of even the Alka-Seltzer commercial are better than Gomer Pyle. 4

MADISON AVENUE IN HISTORY
If Madison Avenue and their sick slogans existed throughout history, then those ancient sponsors would have had no trouble moving their stale products off the shelf. For example, Ben-Hur and his Rent-A-Chariot Service. "Let Ben Put You In The Driver's Seat!" Or, Greyhound could tell Hannibal to forget the elephants, "And leave the driving to us!" 10

SICK FIRST-AID BOOKLET
No, this isn't a medical pamphlet to help you to recover from reading Sick. It's our handy guide to aid you in getting over the shock of your hospital bill 15

LATE, LATE, LATE SHOW
These programs are aptly named, as almost all the actors have passed away. The stories are just as dead, and if there ever was any life left in them, our Sick writers took care of that in our traditional movie spoof 27

THE HIPPIE SCENE
Sick takes you behind the Hippie scene to where it's really at: a guy with long, uncombed hair, a six week growth of beard, a body unwashed for months, crying a refusal to go to work, rejecting everything handed out by society, except unemployment checks. Where this is at is in the editor's bedroom, when he gets up in the morning. 22-33

Joe Simon, *Editor*... **Fred Wolfe, *Associate Editor***

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*...Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*

James Richard, *Campus*

Jack Scott, *West Coast*

Angelor Torres, *Pa.*

Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*

Bob Elliott, *Space*

Fran Dibacco, *Science*

Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*

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FEATURE LENGTH COMMERCIALS

Commercials are growing longer and longer. Movies are being cut more and more to make room. If the current trend continues, within three years you can expect feature length commercials, with brief interruptions from the movies. You can look forward to seeing such films as:

THE CASE OF SCHAEFERS A courtroom drama about a man who committed the crime of having only one!

Scene: A Courtroom

Script by Bob Heit Art by Bill Kresse

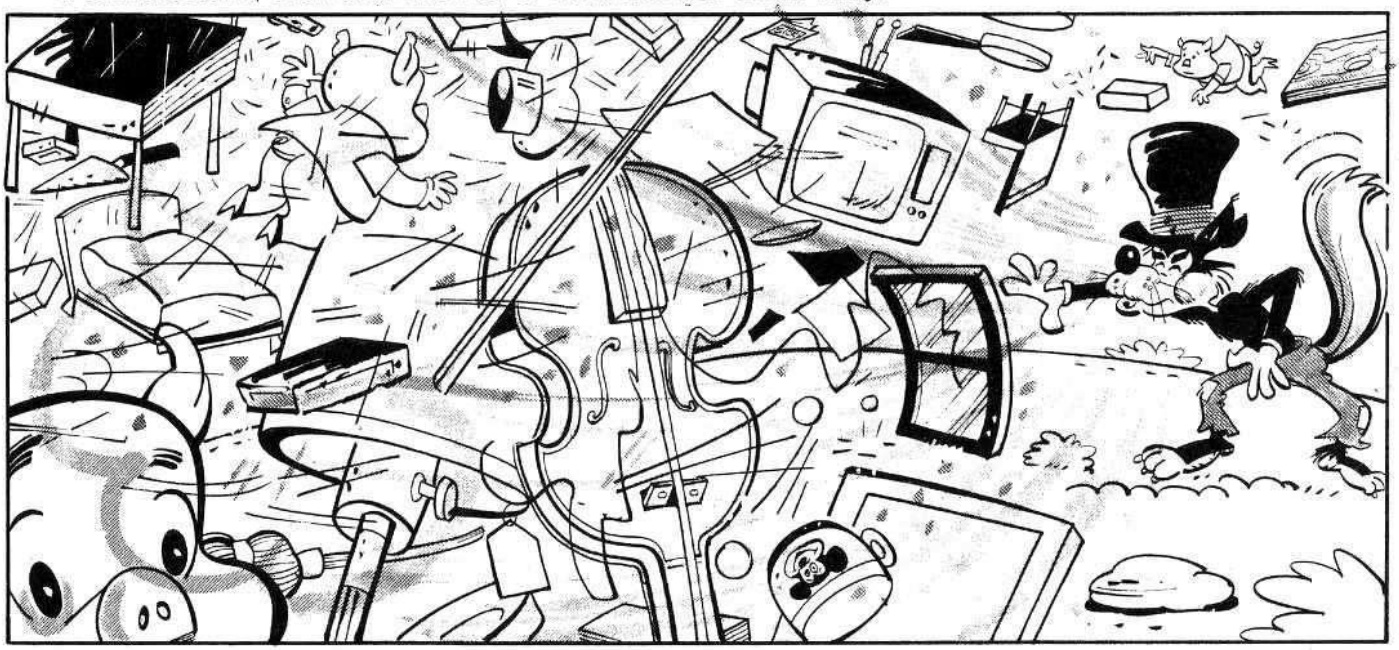
A CLEANSER CALLED COMET

The story of a cleanser that killed household germs in cold blood, and how it reformed.

MARLBORO COUNTRY
The story of a romance between two chain-smokers, and its tragic ending.
R.I.P.
CIGARETTE QUICKSAND!

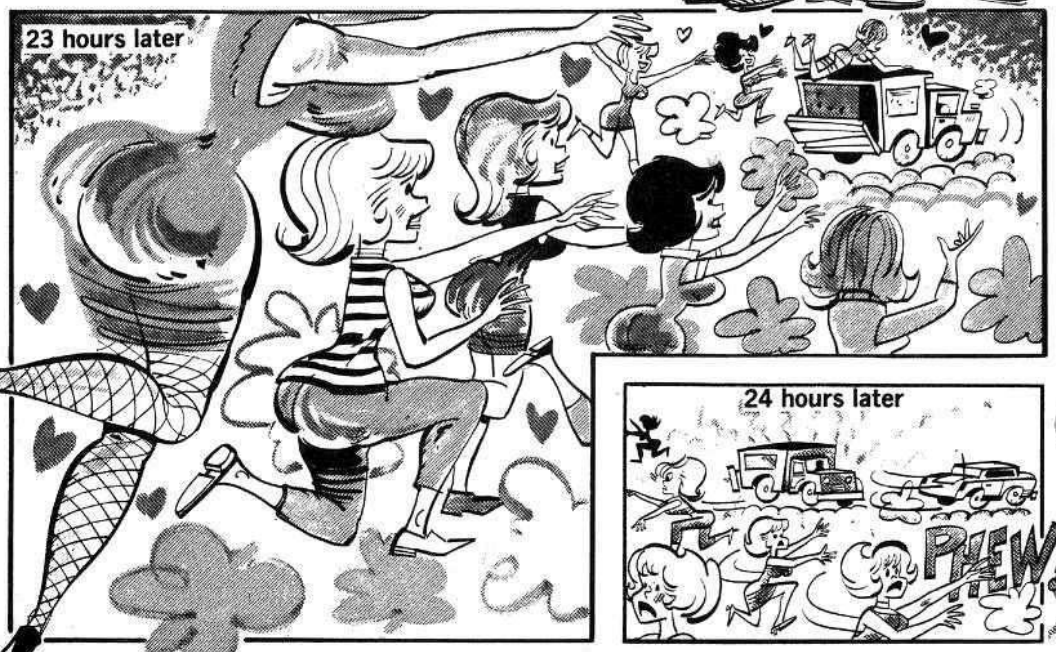
STORM WINDOW

The story of a brave little storm window that stood valiantly against a terrible storm, even after the rest of the house had blown away.



A DAY WITH DIAL

A dramatic documentary about Brad Rancid. truck driver.



Jim Atkins at the SICK SCENE

A first for SICK magazine! This columnist wrote a joke on the Alan Burke Show on WNEW-TV. I was promoting more humor in politics (as nation's Humor Lobbyist) and the Big Beard asked me to tell him a joke. I said I wasn't very funny. (I'd been on for about five minutes and Burke said: "Yeeees, I've noticed that"). But, I told Burke, I'd be glad to write a joke. So, he told me to sit down and do it.

I did. And the joke I wrote (a TV first) was as follows:

"George Wallace is the only presidential candidate ever to be kissed by the governor of Alabama . . . in public."

Burke said "that is a clever joke." He didn't laff, but when Burke says anything nice that is news. I explained how joke-writers decide who will be elected president. They do this by writing jokes about the candidates they don't like, making them look silly, so they lose. (For example: Joke writers said that Tom Dewey looked like the man on the top of the wedding cake. This made him look silly, and so the people voted for Truman.)

A nudist candidate is running for president. His slogan is: "I have nothing to hide." He doesn't even hide his hide. (Nudity is only skin deep.) Actually, when you see someone wearing clothes, you never know, do you? Could be a nudist in disguise.

I've just received a great honor. The National Bartenders Association is going to name a hangover after me.

CORONET magazine says that a neat wolf is one who picks up everything in sight. (See, when I steal a good one I give credit.)

A towel manufacturer found that he was getting wiped out. His towels kept disappearing. (One thing, towel thiefs don't have sticky fingers.) Police moved in and found a ring stealing towels. The man arrested said he stole about 4,000 towels a week, sold them at $15 a thousand. I guess you could say, he really cleaned up.

Elmer Porash (my garbage man) says he's had a tough life. He was doing some freelance plumbing and a sink fell on his head. Naturally, that would be a drain on anyone.

New diet, according to Columnist Robert Sylvester: You don't eat, just drink. You get so nervous, you shake the fat off.

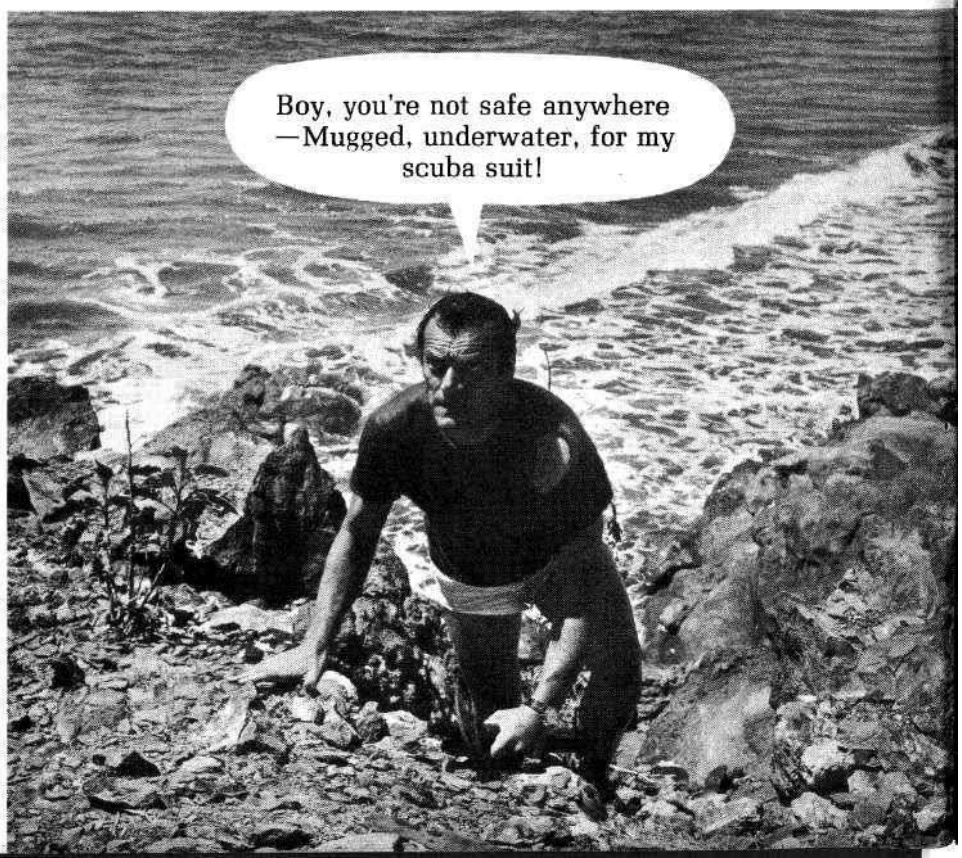
A cannibal asked the cook what was for dinner. Said the cook: "Two old maids." The canibal: "Ugh! Leftovers again."

I found out why Bobby Kennedy has such long hair. He said he doesn't have enough money for a haircut . . . A diet is for people who are **thick** and tired of it . . . Actually, I was talking about Senator Kennedy's hair. He has trouble sleeping at night. The curlers keep him awake . . . Actually, he's been making a lot of speeches . . . He's been filling the air with his speeches, and vice versa.

ADVERTISING. Well, Advertising is the art of making people think they have longed all their lives for something you've just invented.

FROM ANOTHER PUBLICATION The Wall Street Journal reports it spotted a slogan on an exterminator's truck which said: "We make your ants say 'uncle'". (The WSJ scoops the New York Times again.)

INSIDER'S NEWSLETTER LET US DOWN DEPT. We've been hurt many times. But you must expect this if you are writing about our society in a humorous way. First we found out that Oral Roberts takes aspirin. We found out that "The Saturday Review" comes out on Monday. Then, we read the "Insider's Newsletter" so we'd really



be on the inside, and we thought we were. But the editors at the "Insider's Newsletter" got scooped on the story that the publication was folding. Before it was folded, the IN said that a device for measuring the influence of TV commercials (It is installed on the top of a set and takes pictures of viewers) has often shown a vacant room. (Actually, here's a scoop from SICK: The pictures of the viewers had a higher rating than the show they were watching.)

MITZI GAYNOR DEPT. I haven't mentioned Mitzi Gaynor in some time and I see no reason to do it at this time... Actually she told me exclusively that if you will only drink one glass of milk every morning for 1,200 months, you'll live to be 100 years old.

I asked some college students what they thought of LSD. And they said they thought he was the greatest president we've ever had.

Personally, I'm for Bobby Baker for president. Then everyone will have a lot of money, nobody will know where it came from, and you won't have to pay taxes on it.

If you become a middle-of-the-roader in politics you are apt to have trouble on the one hand and also on the other.

(Continued on page 39)

Why don't you stick with your anti-Australia campaign and don't start on Rhode Island. I just read your "Supposes..." section in your issue No. 55. One can sympathize with those kangaroos, frogs, and bulls because of the awful state they are in—like they're not happening. Maybe Rhode Island is small, but it's quality that counts, not quantity. I mean don't mess with the best 'cause you lie with the rest.

I'd like a whole herd of pen pals, preferably females. I'm 16, 5'11", have brown hair, eyes and ingrown toenails.

Arthur Moore
32 Ralston Street
Providence, R.I. 02904

Ed: We hope you get letters from Australia.

I think that Sick has improved tremendously for the past six issues... and that your artists: The Professor, Bob Taylor, Al Scaduto, B. Wiseman, Thumbtack, Torres and Tuska and the writers whom they illustrate, are to be credited for your SICK being now a more "loose" more entertaining magazine than that "Number One"... and that additional shade (red or blue) has

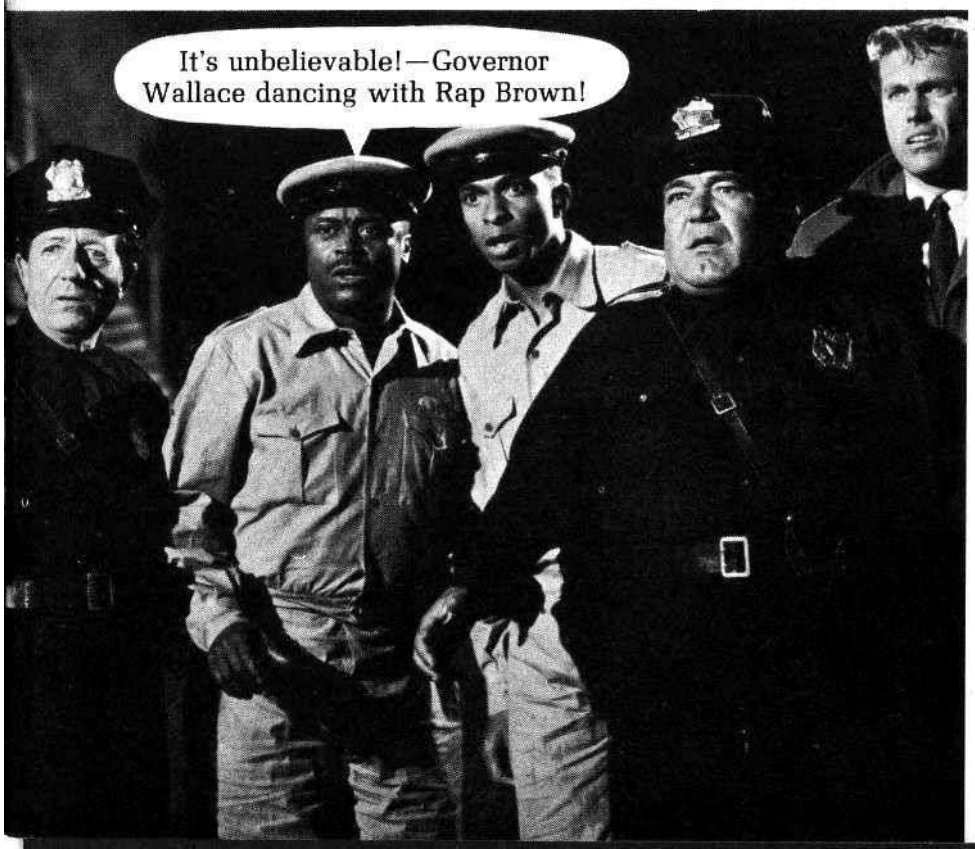
sure made SICK the first cartoon-satire mag. to undergo this colorful change. Congratulations.

About a letter you had from Todos Santos, Baja California Sur, MEXICO: Mexicans have a great interest in learning English but for more useful purposes than that of calling you names ...like, for instance: flirting and dating the thousands of beautiful American girls and women who come down here during the summer vacations.

Antonio J. Espinosa
P. O. Box: 43
Merida, Yuc., Mexico

Ed: Remember the Alamo, Antonio?

(Continued on page 38)



Lincoln was wrong! You *can* fool all of the people all of the time——and to prove it, Sick presents ads from the past showing how hokey hucksters

MADISON AVE.

Script by Francis DiBacco

Come on a FABULOUS SEA CRUISE

ON A NEW SHORT CUT TO INDIA ABOARD THE FAMOUS OCEAN LINERS OF QUEEN ISABELLE AND KING FERDINAND

(There's No Chance of Falling Off the End of the World)

THREE GREAT SHIPS—THE NINA, THE PINTA, THE SANTA MARIA—LED BY THAT MASTER MARINER, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS
Bocchi
First Run Operas
Mutinies
Vino

SEE THE WILD WEST

NEW YORK TO SACRAMENTO ..... **135 days!***

DODGE CITY TO VIRGINIA CITY ..... **70 days!***

WE SERVE EARLY AMERICAN CUISINE AT EVERY MEAL! HARDTACK AND MOONSHINE, PORRIDGE AND CIDER

WELLS FAR-GONE EXPRESS COACHES

Leave the drivin' to us'n . .

SEE
. . . IN FLIGHT PUPPET SHOWS
. . . REAL LIFE INDIANS
. . . YOURSELF LOSE YOUR SCALP

BEAUTIFUL HOSTESSES
ride shotgun on every stage

CONTACT OUR AGENCIES IN:
ABILENE
DODGE CITY
FORT APACHE
VIRGINIA CITY
DISNEYLAND

*Unless attacked by Indians or desperadoes

were even then able to remove that unsightly bulge from your wallet... So take a trip (without benefit of sugar cubes) back to——

IN HISTORY

Art by Al Bare

Romantic

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS ABOARD THE CUNARD FLAGARK "NOAH"

IF YOU LIKE ANIMALS AND CAN STAND THE SMELL THIS TRIP IS A MUST FOR YOU.

COUPLES ONLY (that's boy and girl couples. Sorry, Greenwich Village)

Ark will leave as soon as the rain starts, baby. And you don't have to go to the wharf to board her. Will pick you up at your place.

LIMITED OFFER. SO ACT NOW. Time is running out in more ways than one. A bit of advice for those not contemplating sailing with us... get yourself a pair of water wings.

ARE YOUR FOREHEAD STRIPES DULL AND DREARY?

DOES YOUR WARPAINT FADE HALF-WAY THROUGH A RAID?

THEN TAKE IF FROM ME—MAGUA, MOHICAN SCOUT: YOU NEED *DUTCH BOY SPRAY WAR PAINT.* IT'S THE NEW EXCITING FUN THING FROM IRIQUOIS, LTD.

On your next war party try your forehead in buff white. Or how about the "Z'S" on your cheeks in vermillion. Crazy? These are the "IN" colors for this year.

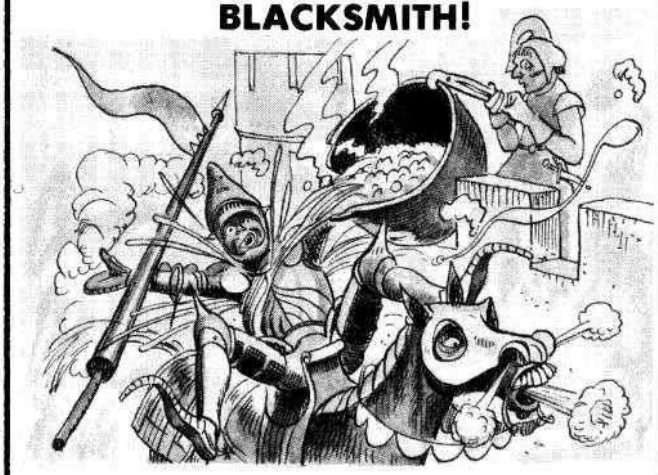
Dutch Boy also has come out with a new make up for you night fighters: Phosphorescent War Paint. Colors are available in flamingo and burgundy.

And remember. You'll never lose your luster fighting Custer with Dutch Boy.

IS YOUR ARMOR SQUEAKY? CAN THE ENEMY HEAR YOU TWO MILES AWAY?

PUT A TIGER IN HIS SHANK

GO TO A FRIENDLY SOSO BLACKSMITH!



No, having boiling oil poured on you isn't the answer. You need **RED BALL SERVICE** at a friendly soso blacksmith shop.

THIS IS WHAT WE DO WHEN WE WINTERIZE YOUR ARMOR:

We overhaul the armor

Bang out all dents

Repad the crotch

Sand and prime all rust spots around the fly area

We also check your horse from top to bottom

Rub him down

Check the tread on his hoofs

Check his mouth

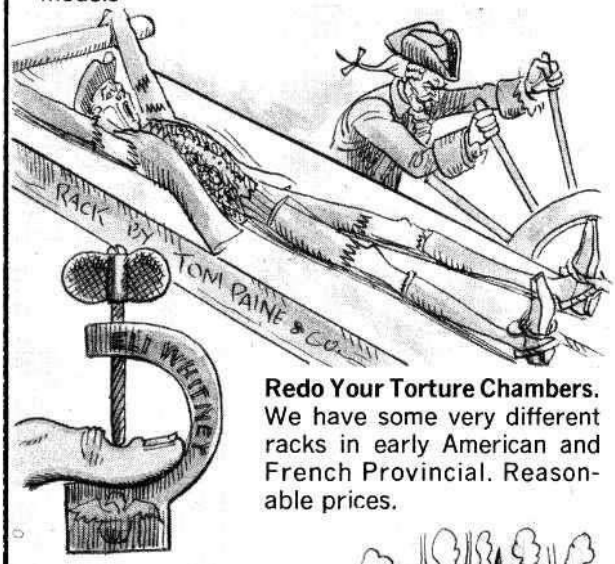
And to make him more aggressive, we give him a needle in his leg

Soso puts a tiger in his shank

Also you might win a chastity belt playing our Lucky Sweepstakes Game. Void where prohibited by law.

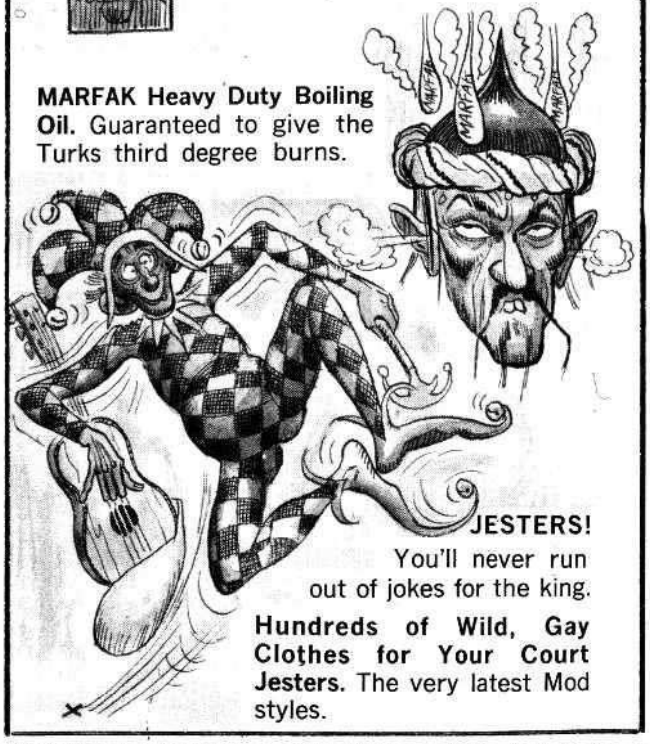
Camelot Mail-Order House

Louisville Slugger Maces . . . Sir Lancelot and King Arthur models



Redo Your Torture Chambers. We have some very different racks in early American and French Provincial. Reasonable prices.

MARFAK Heavy Duty Boiling Oil. Guaranteed to give the Turks third degree burns.



JESTERS! You'll never run out of jokes for the king.

Hundreds of Wild, Gay Clothes for Your Court Jesters. The very latest Mod styles.

"TAKE NO DOZ AND STAY AWAKE," SAYS RIP VAN WINKLE—MANAGER OF THE NEW AMSTERDAM METS!

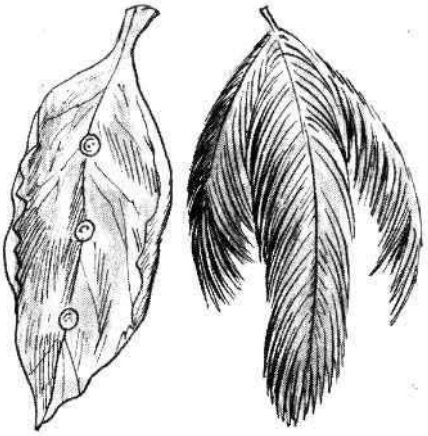
That's right, neighbors. Nowadays with stockade sieges and headless horsemen riding at night, you have to be awake. And, especially in my case, it's very hard for me to stay awake, the way my Mets play.

Here's a little tip for you kiddies: Drop two **NO Doz** in a bottle of coke and you'll be turned on for days. It'll burn the paint right off your wooden shoes. So why don't you run down to your local store and... **ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ**

LIVE LIKE A BARON! LOOK LIKE A PRINCE!

Says Adam, chief gardener at the Garden of Eden: "I always dress in style with a Botany leaf, my only complaint is where they put the label." **DO IT WITH A CUSTOM ROYAL WRINKLE-PROOF LEAF FROM "BOTANY 500,000,000 B.C."** WE HAVE A VERY FINE SELECTION OF TAILOR-MADE LEAVES, FROM 20 APPLES AND UP.

FOR THE CASUALS...
A three button tobacco leaf



FOR THE WINTERTIME...
A worsted Chesterfield Pine Branch

OUR LATEST STYLE IS THE WASH-AND-DRY TEA LEAF. AFTER YOU WASH THIS OUTFIT JUST ADD LEMON AND DRINK THE WATER.

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE SET...
Dangling Ivy

FOR THE TWISTERS...
A holly leaf with dazzling red berries. Just watch out for the sharp points when you're dancing.

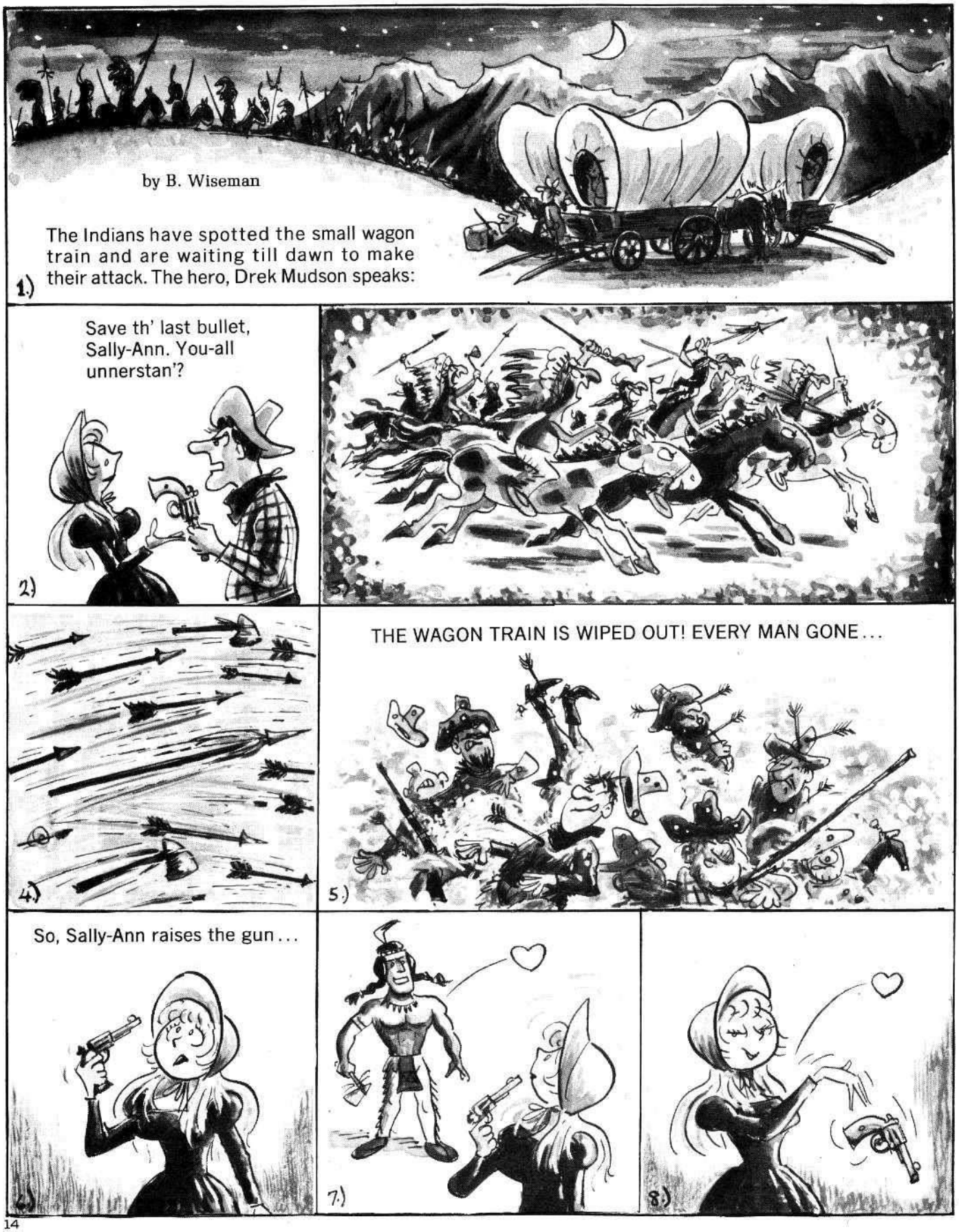
FOR THE HIPPIES...
We have some dirty old olive leaves.

ALSO FOR THE GIRLS...
Hundreds of the latest mini-leaves modeled by Twiggy.

NO CHARGE FOR CUFFS OR ALTERATIONS!

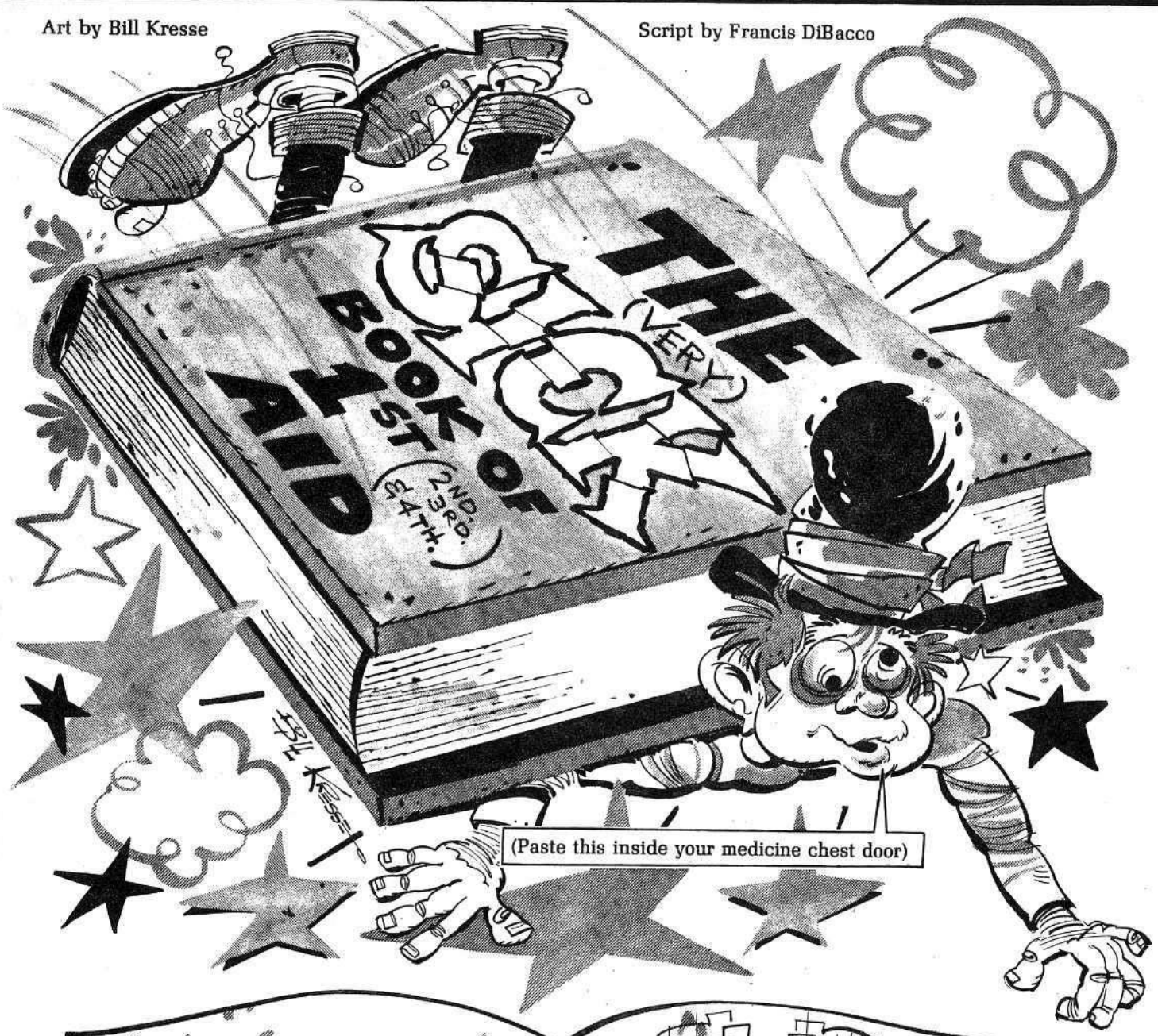
GREAT SCENES FROM THE

Late, Late, Late Show



Art by Bill Kresse

Script by Francis DiBacco



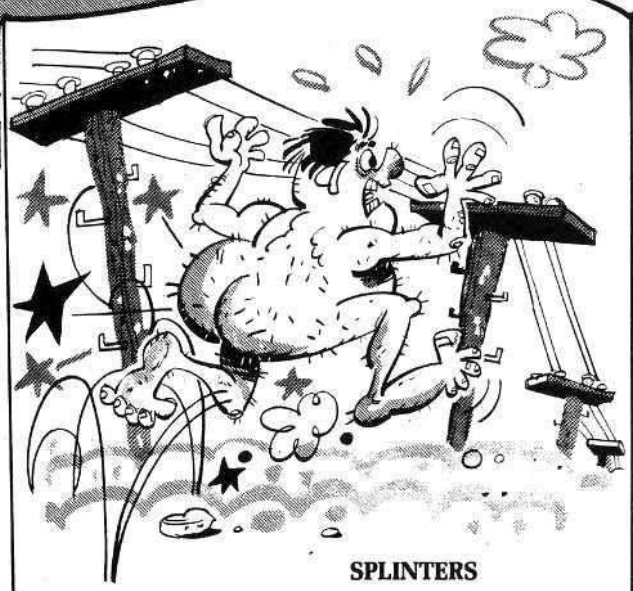
(Paste this inside your medicine chest door)

NOSE BLEEDS

CAUSES:
Being punched out. Diving into a pool with no water. Picking too hard.

SYMPTOMS:
Red stuff coming out of your nose.

TREATMENT:
Hold person upside down to allow blood to run back in head. Then plug up nostrils with two marbles. If victim panics, place foot on his throat till he calms down. If bleeding persists, tie a tourniquet around the neck. Bleeding, along with breathing, will stop shortly.



SPLINTERS

CAUSES: Sliding down a telegraph pole nude. Eating a club sandwich and not removing the toothpicks.

SYMPTOMS: Wood sticking in your body.

TREATMENT: Burn them out by setting the wood on fire. Or push them further in in hopes they'll float away in your blood stream.

FAINTING

CAUSES: Rock-and-roll singers. Spendthrift wives. Perspiration problems.

SYMPTOMS: Victim lying on his face. Pupils are missing from eyes.

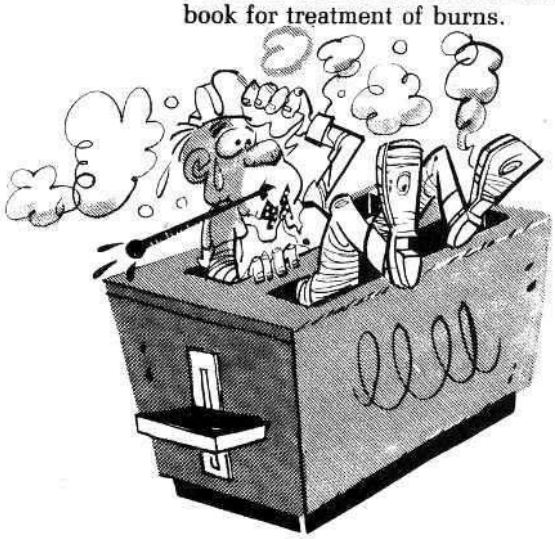
TREATMENT: Kick in side to see if he's faking. If victim is not faking, massage face with smelling salts. If this fails to revive victim, grab by ankles and dunk in toilet.

FROSTBITE

CAUSES: Changing light blub in refrigerator with door closed. Sitting in front row watching **Doctor Zhivago.**

SYMPTOMS: Blue body and victim is spitting ice cubes.

TREATMENT: Preheat oven to 450 degrees, stick victim in. Then turn to section of this book for treatment of burns.



STINGS

CAUSE: Drinking honey from a beehive.

SYMPTOMS: Mucho lumps.

TREATMENT: None. Next time use a straw.

WOUNDS

CAUSES: Rumbles. Sitting on pitchforks. Losing at Russian Roulette.

SYMPTOMS: Holes all over your body and they smart.

TREATMENT: Stick finger in wound to feel how deep it is. If you can't hit bottom, it's serious.

When you've determined size of injury, fill wound with sawdust and cover with scotch tape.

SHOCK

CAUSES: Electric chair. Playing weekend electrician.

SYMPTOMS: Eyes are as big as half dollars, mouth is wide open, and your hair is smoking.

TREATMENT: Call MURRAY HILL 7-4900, that's the undertaker.

ANIMAL BITES

CAUSE: Date at drive-in.

SYMPTOMS: Hickeys or passion bites on neck.

TREATMENT: Wash neck immediately with nitric acid to remove animal saliva.

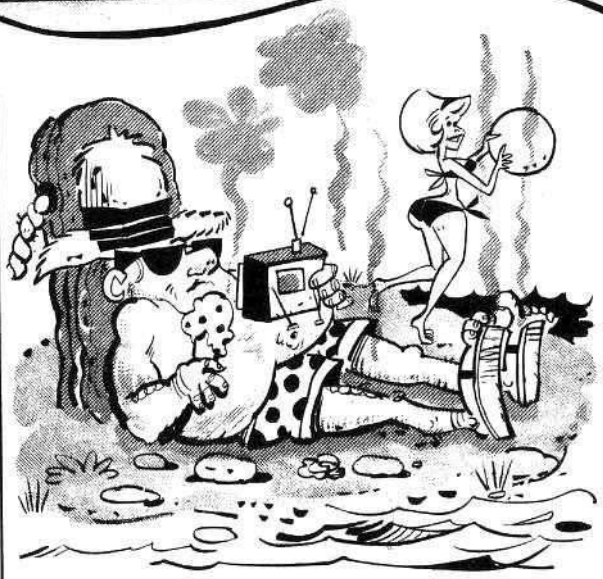
If animal escapes notify proper authorities (Health Dept., his parents, his wife, his scoutmaster, etc.).

MORE ANIMAL BITES

CAUSE: Vampires.

SYMPTOMS: Two small puncture marks on neck.

TREATMENT: None. Stay clear of victims because victim is now a vampire and you might wind up with two small puncture marks on your neck.



BURNS

CAUSE: Drinking a molotov cocktail and then smoking.

SYMPTOMS: People are roasting marshmallows on you.

TREATMENT: If victim is a Buddist Monk, drop ashes in tea.

SCALDS

CAUSE: Main course of a cannibal dinner.

SYMPTOMS: The cook is putting parsley around you and an apple is stuck in your mouth.

TREATMENT: Pray the cannibals are vegetarians.

POISONING

CAUSES:

Wife or husband wanting out of their marriage. Wife's cooking.

SYMPTOMS:

Stomach ache, then nausea, then rigor mortis.

TREATMENT:

Punch in stomach to induce vomiting, or mix up an Ex Lax milkshake. After stomach is empty, give victim mushroom and jello or candied squid brain to settle stomach.
If person has swallowed kerosene or gasoline, look in mouth with lighted match to see if victim is gagging.

CAUTION: Stand clear of flying teeth.

PREPARING TO SAVE A LIFE: People who have taken an overdose of pills.
If someone has taken an overdose of sleeping pills, try to keep them awake by singing to them. Recommended songs are, "Brahm's Lullaby," "Mr. Sandman," or "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland." If you don't have a singing voice, read to them: stories like The Three Pigs, Snow White, and Little Red Riding Hood. If this doesn't work (You'll be able to tell because the victim will be snoring) rip out eyelids.

PEOPLE COMMITING SUICIDE BY JUMPING:

If you encounter someone trying to commit suicide by jumping off a bridge, building, cliff, Volkswagen, etc., try to talk to victim. Shout words of encouragement like, "I double dare you," "Chicken," "Gutless!" "Yellow!" It would also be a good idea to sing to them (Ode To Billy Joe, Going to Meet Your Maker). If person jumps, shout, "FORE" and "COMING THROUGH," to people below.

PEOPLE JUMPING FROM BURNING BUILDINGS:

Always hold hoop where person is jumping. Also it would be a good idea to get someone to hold the other end. Keep away from one-hand catches and always hold the hoop at least two inches above the ground.

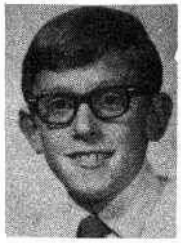
DROWNING:

When diving to save a drowning person, the first thing you must ask yourself is if you can swim. If you can swim you have to make a quick decision as to which method you will use to have the victim.
If you cannot swim you have no decisions to make because you're going straight to the bottom. The only thing you can do is stick your hand out of the water and yell louder than the other guy.
It wouldn't be a bad idea to recite a few of your favorite prayers and maybe another idiot might try to save you.

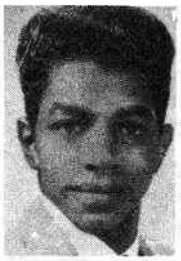
I am a U.S. Navy Man who is stationed aboard the USS FLETCHER in Pearl Harbor and I would like to receive any letters from girls 17-23 years old. I am 20, 5 feet 10 inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes and love women. CS3 Alan Harms 914 59 95, USS Fletcher DD 445, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

I am stationed in Germany, and I have decided to volunteer for Vietnam. Any girl who feels she can talk me out of it send a convincing letter to P.F.C. Neal Squitieri, 574th Pers. Svc, Co., APO N.Y. 09165

A girl 16 yr. old and 5' tall with dark brown hair and eyes would like to write to any 16-19 year old boys or girls. I play the guitar, love almost all combos and wild about good looking clothes. I will answer all the letters written to me. Write to: Betty Robbins, 718 E.N. 13th., Abilene, Texas 79601.



I'm 5'6" with blue eyes and blonde hair. I am a fan of the Seeds; love art by Picasso. I'm in favor of greater liberalism on all aspects of life. Would prefer to correspond with boys, but will write to anybody. Mike McCurry, 26 Henrietta St., Asheville, North Carolina 28801.



Boy pen pal wanted: age 14-16. I am 14 and go to Fairmount High School. My hair is light brown and my eyes are brown. I am pretty smart and about 5'1" tall. Send a good picture with your letter. I want a good-looking boy who has a pretty good sense of humor and who likes Sick magazine. Send your letters to Christine Luick, Rural Route #1, Fairmount, N.D. 58030.

Hi there. I'm Debbie Hart. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'2" tall, 14 years old and in the 8th grade. My birthdate is Jan. 17, 1953. My interests include swimming, roller skating, tennis, baseball, football, writing and receiving letters, going to stock car races, and many more. I also like just about all animals. Write to Debbie Hart, 933 Green St., Phillipsburg, N.J. 08865.

I hope you will accept me as your pen pal. I am 4'2", I weigh 116 lbs., black hair, black eyes, and I am 11 years old. Steven Ruggiero, 05703 Winfield Rd. Winfield, Illinois.

I am a colored college student who would like to have lady penpals from all over our war-torn world. Your nationality does not matter—I like all people. I am 22, 5'7", 165 lbs. I love novel writing, boating, stereo FM sound, classical music, and R.O.T.C. I would like to hear from all ladies between 15 and 29—29 is where most ladies stop aging anyway. Write to: Demosthenese H. Fobbs, Jr., 1 O'Neill Court, Highland Falls, N. Y. 10928.

I would like a cute girl pen pal, between the ages of 14-16. Must have few curves (where they belong). I am 6'2", 195 lbs., short brown hair, blue eyes, and a real hip guy. My hobbies are playing the guitar, piano, harmonica and mandolin. Bobby (Wayne) Fuson, 32735 Burton St., Rockwood, Michigan 48173.

I would like a pen pal, female, between 14 and 17 years old. I am 15, and like the Yardbirds, the DC5, The Tremeloes, and Paul Revere and The Raiders. I've been an honor roll student, and am going into my fourth year of German. I have dark blond hair, 6' tall, and will be turning out for football. I am also a member of Civil Air Patrol. All letters will be answered, send a picture if you have one. Michael Adkison, Rt. 1 Box 179, Olalla, Wash. 98359.

Need motherly advice on how to make a hit with girls. Need help badly. Please write to: Sgt. Gordon T. Paul, 25th Gen. Sup. Co., APO N.Y. 09696

I would like very much to correspond with a black haired, black eyed, full blooded Indian girl of any tribe, perferably Apache. Please send picture, will answer all letters. Ages 17-22, all types of music, preferably Spanish and Country and Western. I have brown hair and green eyes, weight 165, height 5'9". I am a medic with 1/54th Inf. H.H.Q. Co. APO N.Y. 09139 Bamberg, Germany. Rotation day April 24, 1968, please write with swift hand.

WANTED: female type pen pal 17-20, for 21 year old Marine, just returned from Vietnam. I'm 5'8", brown hair and blue eyes. Can be from anywhere in the good old U.S.A., preferably from Kansas, Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, California, Arizona, or Hawaii. I'm stationed on Hawaii for two more years. My favorite group is the Monkees. My interests are girls, hunting, fishing and drag racing. Write to: Cpl. Darrell E. Butler 2195951, Marine Barracks, NAD Box B, FPO San Francisco 96612

We are members of the United States Air Force. We are also extremely lonely. You see, our outfit is made up of the cream of the Air Force crop. So as chairman for our outfit we have one thing to say! Wanted: girls to write Air Force fighting men and those from our outfit in Viet Nam. Ages 18 and up. I am 6' and 20 years old. Black hair and brown eyes. I am 5'9" and 20 years old with blond hair, blue eyes. Please enclose pictures. Our addresses: Michael Hall and Michael Beitscher, CMR #1 Box 6277, Chanote A.F.B., Illinois

Wanted: a girl. Nothing needed except a good shape and cute face. I'm wild for mod clothes and all jazz music. I'm 12, 5'1". So here's your chance girls. Girls all over the world especially Brooklyn. Write to Dominick Orlando, 3822 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229

Pen pals wanted: I will write to anyone or anything that can write. All letters will be answered. Johnny Poole, 206 W. Central, Warren, Ark. 71671.

Wanted: 13-15 year old male pen pal for 13 year old girl. Must have brown hair and be alive. I have long reddish brown hair and blue green eyes. Please send picture and write to: Debbie S., Fanwood, N.J. 07023

Wanted: Pen pal 13-16 boy or girl-will write to anyone. I collect comics and stamps. I have brown hair and blue eyes. Send a picture to 13544 Buffalo, Chicago, Ill. 60633

I would be glad to correspond with any and all servicemen, or anybody who would like to write. I'm sort of "everybody's big sister." Anybody who needs a friend or a shoulder to cry on, feel free to call on me. Elym Rose, 15951 Harden Circle, Southfield, Mich. 48075

I'm a 17 year old boy, 6'1, dark hair, brown eyes, loves cars. I would like to have girl and boy pen pals. Thanks a gillion—send a picture and I'll do the same. Don Aquilar, 1000 North Concho, Winters, Texas 79567

I am 15 years old, 5'10" tall, with long dark hair. Would like to have female pen pals from the ages 13-16. I like to read but not school books. I love to dance, play the guitar, and water-ski. I will answer all letters. Write to Steve Burnett, 2612 Renick Street, St. Joseph, Missouri

I'm 15, with auburn (not carrot!) hair. Blue (if I'm happy), grey (if I'm sad), green (if I'm angry) eyes. I love boys, reading, boys, having fun, boys, and being mad, boys, parties and boys. I'll try and write to everyone. (at their own risk!) I'd like to see a photo and I don't mind if girls do write, but I'd rather boys did. Kathy J. Arcus, 275 Rangiuru Rd., New Zealand

I'd luv to have a girl pen pal. My name is Randall Kacer, 18, 6' tall, a freshman in college. If any girl would like a boy pen pal that matches the above, I'm available. If you have something else in mind I have a friend Henry Sasser. He is 17, 5'8", 150 pounds, blond hair and blue eyes. He likes fast cars and judo and football. Write to: Randall Kacer, 1229 Albany Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203. Henry Sasser, 4006 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn N.Y. 11203

ON SALE NEXT MONTH:

SICK LAFF-IN

OUR BIG NEW ANNUAL WITH A DOUBLE BONUS

2 PSYCHEDELIC FULL-COLOR FULL-SIZE GLOSSY LAUGH-GUARANTEED POSTERS

A $3 VALUE -- plus

THE BEST OF SICK SATIRE CLASSICS

ALL FOR 50¢ at your newsdealer

Script by Paul Laikin
Art by Al Bare

The Hippie Movement in Haight-Ashbury has really come a long way. Now they even have their own publication, a "thing" called . . .

WEATHER: Balmy
TOMORROW: Groovy

HIPPIE NEWS

FLOWER SPECIAL

Calendar of Events

LIKE, WHAT'S HAPPENING · ON THE HIPPIE SCENE

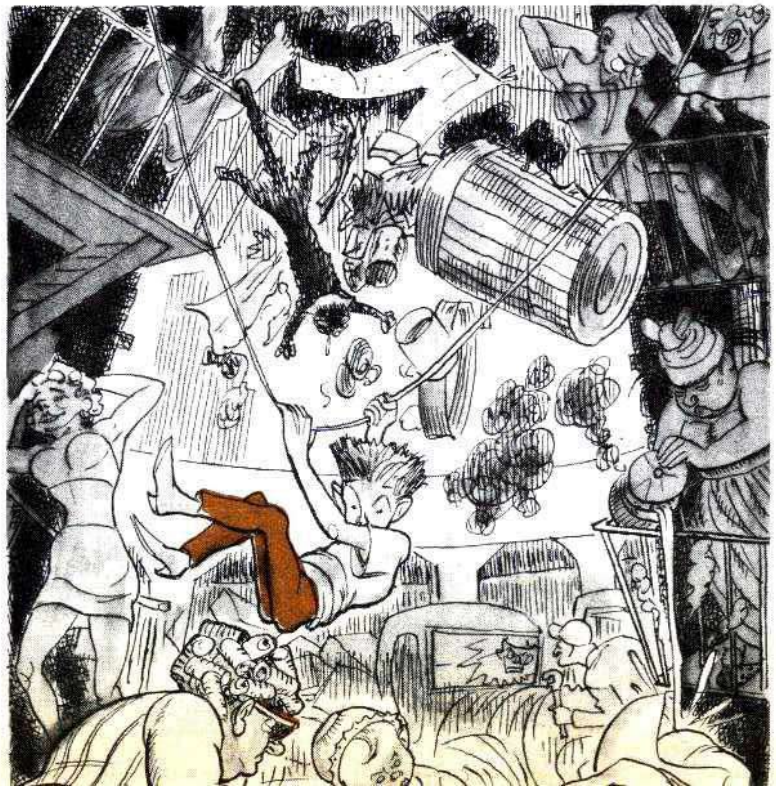
MARCH

2 **GRASS SMOKING.** Front lawn, 129 Kinlai Street, 3 P.M. Come on real cool as they don't know we're gonna show up!

4 **LOVE-IN.** At the Park, 9 P.M. sharp. First 50 girls admitted free. Guys 50¢; Girls 35¢; Others $1.25.

5 **CLASS REUNION.** Dropouts of UCLA, Class of '62. At Louie's pad on Mulberry Street, 8 P.M. Dress formal: black leather jackets, combat boots, cap and whip.

THE WILDEST "TRIP" I EVER HAD



A Frank Hallucination
by
Frank Hallucination

Man, I've had some bad trips before. Real freakouts. But, like, this one made up for them. This time out I had the wildest, the coolest, the grooviest trip I ever had! Like, I dug scenes I never dug before. I touched things I never imagined possible. I smelled smells that you wouldn't believe!

Everywhere there were floral colors. Loud, shrieking, shocking colors. All sorts of wild purples, weird violets and out-of-sight chartreuses. Nothing was drab. The clothing on people I saw shone out in fantastic conglamorations of weird designs and shapes.

I heard strange sounds, unlike any I had ever heard before. All sorts of eerie noises—clanging noises, honking noises, screeching noises. From the rooftops I could hear human voices calling out to one another in a strange, bird-like language that was foreign to my ears. It was fantastic!

And I experienced strange, haunt-

7 **MASS SKINNY DIPPING.** Ocean Beach at midnight. Last one in has to stand lookout.

8 **HAPPENING.** At Angie's Saloon, 7:30 P.M. No subject will be chosen. Whatever happens will happen.

10 **TEA PARTY.** Bring your own pot. At Heshey's Pad on Flower Street. From 10 P.M. till the following Tuesday. That's when his lease expires.

11 **SIT-IN.** At the Mayor's Office, 9 A.M. All floor space has been booked. Standing Room Only.

14 **MEETING OF FREAKOUTS ANONYMOUS.** Kick the freakout habit. No names. Come to Otto's Warehouse at 11 P.M. and have a pleasant trip.

19 **AN EVENING WITH GOD.** Corner Haight-Ashbury starting at 2 A.M. He will definitely appear in person or your LSD cubes back.

25 **PEACE MARCH.** From Haight-Ashbury to Greenwich Village. Starts 8:30 A.M. in front of the Avalon Ballroom. In case of rain, a Love-In will be held instead.

27 **LECTURE.** Hippie Hall, 3 P.M. Topic: "How I Conquered My Fear Of Expectant Fatherhood!" Demonstration will follow lecture.

29 **FASHION SHOW.** Held in back of the Berkeley Campus at 8:15 P.M. After the show there will be an Orgy.

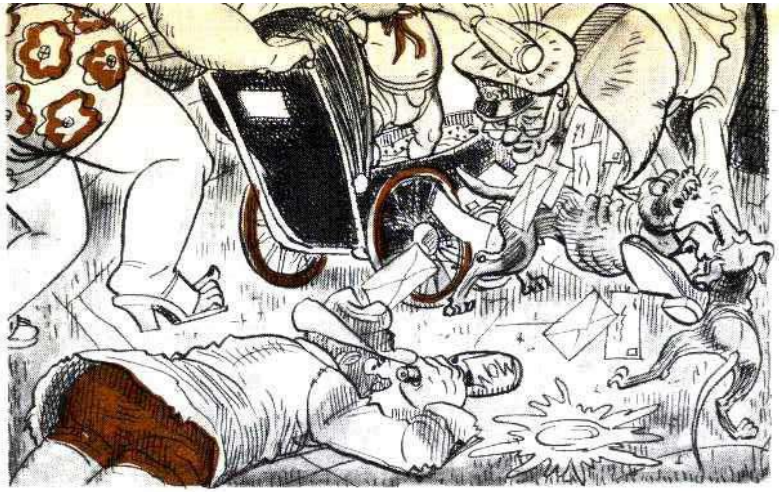
HIPPIE of the week

YOGI SFORTZ

Poet • Philosopher • Busboy

(formerly of Haight-Ashbury)

Busted by the fuzz for making love, not war. This happened on a battlefield in Vietnam!



ing, mysterious odors. Unbelievable odors. Like nothing I had ever smelled before. Each aroma had a different mixture of pungent fragrances that took my breath away.

Each object that I turned on to was weird and frantic. It was like a whole new world had opened up for me. It was something I had never experienced before on any of my trips. It was something I never even thought possible, not even in my wildest hallucinations. It was just unbelievable, I tell you!

And are you ready for the payoff? I wasn't even on LSD! This was a **REAL** trip I went on—to the **BRONX!!**

HIPPIES ON THEIR WAY UP

WALLY THE WEIRDO, PROPHET-MESSIAH, BIG SUR VALLEY

This cat is easy to spot as he wears a live albatross around his neck. Also he has a picture of his chest tatooed on his wrist. A hippie with class, he's the first one to smoke marijuana in a pipe. Each night he injects alcohol into his armpits so that he can get stinkin' drunk! He once led a riot in his jockey shorts. His last public appearance was running amok thru a love-in at the park, shouting "We Shall Overcome!" Small wonder that Wally is a little neurotic. He was weaned on falsies!

EUSTACIA GROTT, TEENY BOPPER, BERKELEY CAMPUS

Started taking LSD when she was two. At five she was a professional flower girl. When she was fifteen her **parents** ran away from home! A real swinger, she's taken so many LSD sugar cubes that she gets hallucinations that she has diabetes.

MONK TWEEDLEY, ROCK 'N' ROLLER, ON THE ROAD

Leader of a Group called "Rag Weed & The Turnons," his thing is that he plays the sitar with his toes. He also doubles on the slush pump. Not a trombone, but a slush pump. This he blows with one lip. He hits notes so high that only other hippies can hear them. A wild composer, he arranges Buddhist Chants into folk-rock tempo. He is also a deep meditator. He has expanded his mind so much that he now wears a size 14 hat. His future plans are to take LSD **ice** cubes so that he can take a trip to Antarctica!

Hippie Fashions

A GUIDE TO WHAT THEY'RE WEARING

OPEN-TOED COMBAT BOOTS
Just the thing for formal occasions, like demonstrations and peace marches—when you don't want to walk around barefoot. Comes in matching two-piece set, or can be worn as two irregular items. Available in all sizes, shapes and conditions. A convenient item, they can be folded up and placed in your hair when not in use. A must for the dashing hippie-about-town, you can't afford to meet your Nirvana without them!

MINI-TOGA FOR MEN
The latest thing in chic wearing apparel, this exquisite creation comes in three different colors—white, black and dirty. Made from choice imported potato sacks, it features a lining of store awnings. Ideal to wear at the next Love-In. They'll want to rip it right off your back!

ACCESSORIES FOR EVENING WEAR
A large assortment of fashionable items to carry with you as you roam the countryside. Will give you that air of distinction. Very "in" items like a copy of Thoreau's Walden, a hockey puck, a beanbag, old movie posters that you can paste on your back and many other groovy things. Ideal for the hippie who has everything!

The INQUIRING HIPPIE

QUESTION: What is it about society that made you turn on, tune in and drop out?
(ask of various hippies walking barefoot thru an alley near Haight-Ashbury)

by Waldo Hemlock

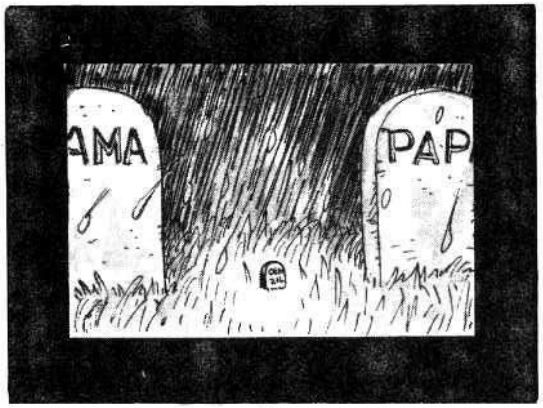
CLYDE WHIMPLEY
Detroit, Mich.
Apathy, baby, apathy! That's what turned me off. It's the indifference you find in, society that made me drop out. Nobody cares what happens to the other guy. People just sit around and let the whole scene go by without trying to do anything about it. That's the big hang-up and it still bugs me. That's why I spend all of my time alone on a mountain top meditating about it!

LANCE GLOCKENSPIEL
Toledo, Ohio
The whole scene is nowhere, baby. Just phony! The people in it aren't real. They can't meet life head-on so they escape in their jobs, their cars, their TV sets and all the other hang-ups. Since they can't stand up to Nature they need a crutch. I don't groove people who are always trying to escape, people who can't make it on their own. It really bugs me. I can't stand it. That's why I take so many LSD trips. To get away—you know what I mean, man?

A COMPLETE FLOWER BOUQUET
——FOR YOUR HEAD

Not artificial—the real thing. Ensemble consists of 8 Morning Glories, 6 Shrunken Violets, 5 Water Lillies, 3 Weeping Willows, 2 Marigolds, 1 Popacotapetil and the leaves from a dozen Brussel Sprouts. Makes your whole head light up. Walk in the rain and you'll soon feel ten-feet tall. Can be worn for riots, during meditation periods or just a plain old-fashioned orgy. Comes with string to tie around your neck so that it won't come off when the fuzz cart you bodily off to jail for wearing it!

IN MEMORIUM



DENZIL CURLECUE
Greenwich Village
New York
who met an untimely end during a rainstorm when he crawled into a sleeping bag made of unsanforized cotton and shrank to death!

Today's Recipe

Each day we will publish the best recipe for a brand new dish submitted by a Hippie reader. This month's entry is from Pula Kinlai of Big Sur:

1 teaspoonful LSD
2 fingers Mescalin
1/2 pound Hashish
3 eyedroppers undiluted Heroin
a puff of marijuana smoke
2 pinches Opium
3 leaves plain grass

Mix well, then stir wildly until you get a foam at the top. Not on the dish—on YOU! Then let it simmer down, sprinkle it liberally with poppy seeds, add a dash of STP and stamp on it with your bare feet.

What is this brand new dish? It's real far out and groovy. It's called "MOM'S APPLE PIE!"

FELIX CRATCHMIRE
Chicago, Ill.

The crowds, Baby! Like, I couldn't groove the crowds. Everywhere I went there were mobs of people. For everything I had to stand in line. It got so I couldn't walk the streets without bumping into somebody. Man, there are just too many heads out there for me to come on properly. And I'm not the only cat who feels this way. Ask the 18 other hippies who share my pad!

TODAY'S GROOVY "THING"

A new "thing" today is owning your own squirrel as a pet. If you want to get in on this groovy new kick, you have to catch one first. The best way to do this is to climb up a tree and act like a **nut!**

NO SMOKING!

The Little Dandelion

by Bob Taylor

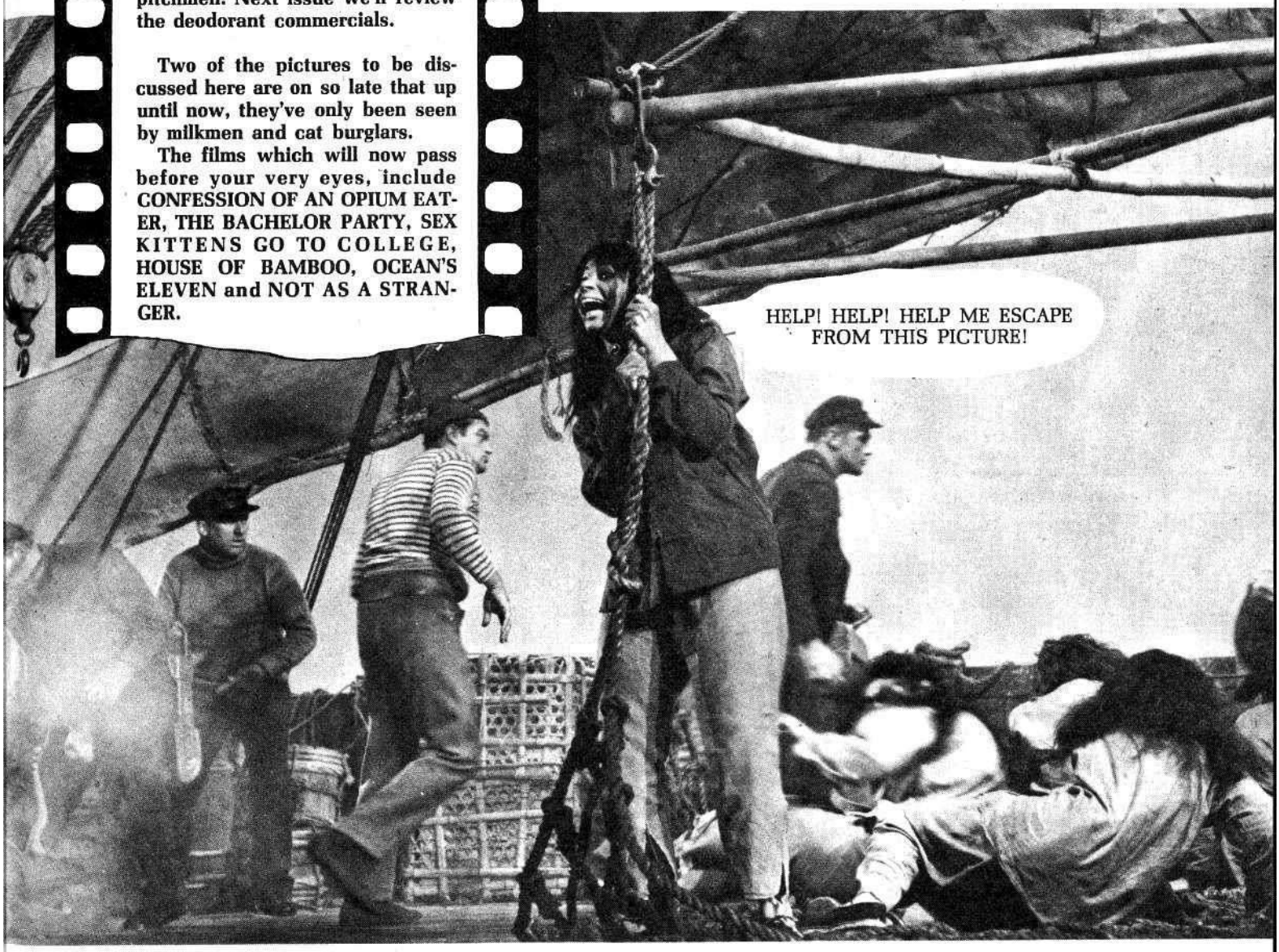
MOVIE CLASSICS

by Bill Majeski

Yes, Very Youthful Viewers, once again Sick's late, late movie reviewer has stayed up past his bedtime to review some of the classic motion pictures that are shown late at night between deodorant commercials and used car pitchmen. Next issue we'll review the deodorant commercials.

Two of the pictures to be discussed here are on so late that up until now, they've only been seen by milkmen and cat burglars.

The films which will now pass before your very eyes, include CONFESSION OF AN OPIUM EATER, THE BACHELOR PARTY, SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE, HOUSE OF BAMBOO, OCEAN'S ELEVEN and NOT AS A STRANGER.



CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER . . . This picture, produced and directed by Albert Zugsmith, was based on a classic tale written in 1822 by Thomas De Quincy. The filming started four years after the book was finished, but there were many difficulties, chiefly because the camera wasn't invented then.

It features hallucinations described by De Quincy while under treatment for neuralgia. His doctor was Albert Zugsmith. De Quincy's great flights of verbal fancy is considered a great work of art, according to many critics, including Albert Zugsmith.

Vincent Price stars, stepping into the lead role from his numerous horror films. His latest was "I Was a Body Snatcher in a Wax Museum."

Also starring are Linda Ho, Richard Loo, June Kim and Philip Ahn, and so far the film hasn't been recognized by the United Nations.

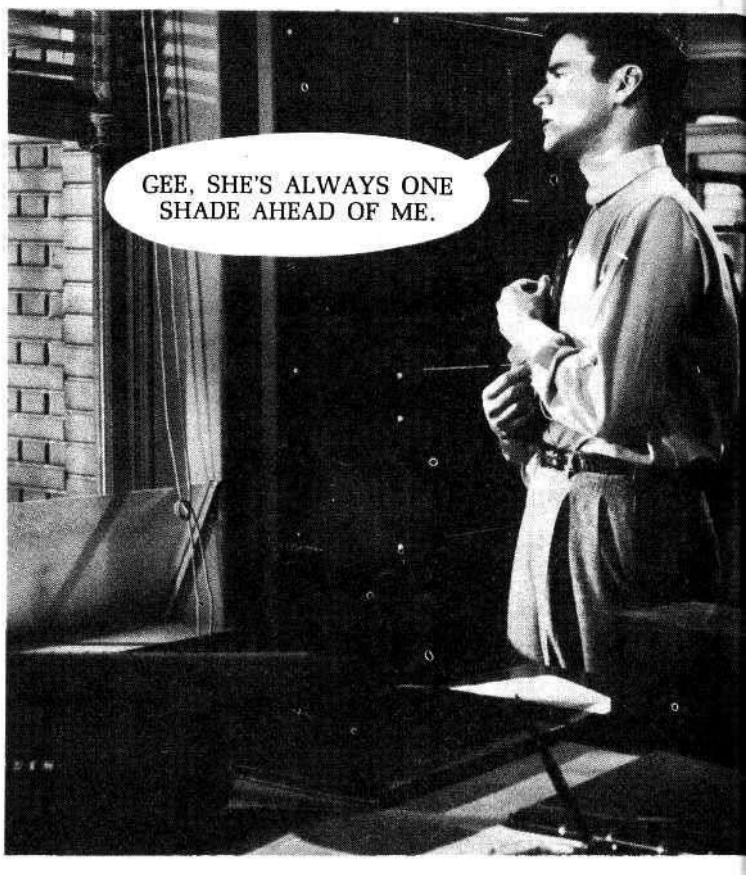
The picture was given its official preview in the author's birthplace, De Quincy, Massachusetts, owned and operated by Albert Zugsmith.

THE BACHELOR PARTY depicts a night in the life of a young New York bachelor, who is about to get married. On this night, he meets all sorts of freaks, weirdos, boozers, drifters, loud-mouths and clowns. Then he leaves the office and goes out on the town.

On his rounds with his beer-drinking buddies, Don meets Carolyn Jones, who kisses first and asks questions later. She is a pretty fast kid, but Murray decides he doesn't have to keep up with the Jones.

Moral of the story apparently is: "Rich, or poor, if you're going to be married, it's good to have a wife."

Albert Zugsmith was the . . . oh, no, that was the last picture.



SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE—Another Albert Zugsmith product, which should be a great boost for Otto Preminger fans everywhere!

Zugsmith has done it again, this time turning to a campus locale; the campus of Locale University, where Mamie Van Doren has received a four-year scholarship for exotic dancing. She went to college so she could be near baseball players. She's always been a diamond fan. Also rubies, emeralds and other gems.

Albert Zugsmith rounded up an all-star cast for Sex Kittens, including Tuesday Weld, who finally decided to change her name. She was against changing it because her name was inscribed on all her calendars. Finally, under pressure from Albert Zugsmith, she changed it to Zugsmith Weld.

HOUSE OF BAMBOO—Robert Stack put aside his double-breasted suit* and switched to a happiness coat for this role in Japan. He plays a soldier-of-fortune type of guy and it's not his fault that he doesn't find a fortune. He doesn't even find a soldier. However, he does find Shirley Yamaguchi (who later changed her name to Tuesday Yamaguchi) and that's not bad. Miss Yamaguchi plays the role of a girl named Merica Mikoya, and you can see from the bathing scenes that she's the real Mikoya (Okay, wise guy, take two steps backward for that one).

Robert Ryan plays a killer, who, in addition to being a murderer, is nasty and impolite. Once he strangles a guard and mutters away from the camera, "Can't you take a little choke?"

*Which is now being worn by Albert Zugsmith.

OCEAN'S ELEVEN—The Rat Pack, as it was then called, starred in this movie of a grand million-dollar robbery in Las Vegas. Frank Sinatra, fresh from a roaring success in his film "The Kissing Bandit," plays Ocean, a robber-type. Among his teammates in crime are Sammy Davis Jr., who showed his appreciation by turning Jewish; Dean Martin, who showed his appreciation by mugging the Little Old Winemaker; Peter Lawford, who showed his appreciation by voting Republican, and Angie Dickinson, who showed her legs.

The picture ends on a surprise note. The haul from the robbery is burned along with the cremated body of a dead man (At least we hope he's dead, for his sake). This gave the picture a heart-warming ending. The picture was also unique in that it was about Las Vegas and Howard Hughes didn't buy it. He must have seen the rushes.

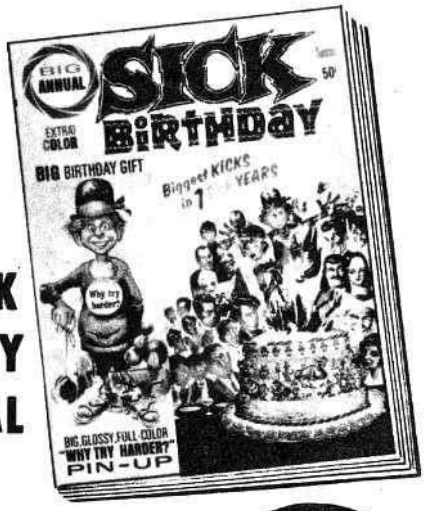
NOT AS A STRANGER is about the medical profession. When it was shown to a group of doctors, seventeen of them became lawyers. Robert Mitchum plays a small-town doctor and Olivia de Haviland plays a small-town doctor's small, small-town wife. It is a giant of a movie, however.

Doctor Mitchum, who has everyone in town on Medicare, is involved with strange romances and becomes forgetful. During his last operation, he left a sponge and scissors inside the patient. Then he really became upset—he couldn't find his golf clubs.

Also seen in order of their illnesses, Charles Bickford, Gloria Grahame, Frank Sinatra and Broderick Crawford. The picture was placed on the critical list, and can be seen only by members of the immediate family.

BRIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK WITH THESE

2 SATIRE SPECTACULARS!



BIG SICK BIRTHDAY ANNUAL

featuring
THE BIGGEST KICKS
IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!

PLUS!

This Pop Art Masterpiece!
A GLOSSY! FULL-COLOR! 3-PAGE FOLDOUT OF THE "WHY TRY HARDER" KID! AMERICA'S UNDERDOG MASCOT HUCKLEBERRY FINK.
Hang it in your den! clubhouse! bedroom! or classroom! This clod is so pitiful, just looking at him is guaranteed to make you feel superior! Will brighten your world! build you up! bring happiness and confidence! Also a good luck piece!

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BIG SICK YEARBOOK

Besides a barrage of our most sickening features, this hilarious publication will contain **THE MOST COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK** ever published.

Furthermore, for our valuable bonus we commissioned Mad's (remember them?) most famous artist, Jack Davis (remember him?) to paint the second in our **"LET US ENTERTAIN YOU"** series of Pop Art Masterpieces—**THE BURNING OF ROME** (remember that?). This rich, full-color painting features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular **Nero**. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth **far more** than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now! This fabulous reproduction has been hailed as **the** all-time pop-art showpiece!

Handy dandy coupon for your convenience . . . or send note . . . but above all, send money.

SICK MAGAZINE
32 West 22 Street
New York, N. Y. 10010

☐ Being a person of distinction, I am already the owner of the **BIG SICK ANNUAL #1** and, to complete my "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" collection, I am enclosing **50¢** for which you will rush me the new **BIG SICK YEARBOOK**

☐ I enclose **$1.00** for which I will receive both the **BIG ANNUAL** and the **BIG YEARBOOK,** which I will promptly mutilate in order to secure the two fabulous pop art masterpieces.

☐ I am too cheap to buy both the magnificent **ANNUAL** and the Incredible **YEARBOOK,** so I enclose **50¢** for one. Mainly, the . . .

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☐ **NEW BIG SICK YEARBOOK**

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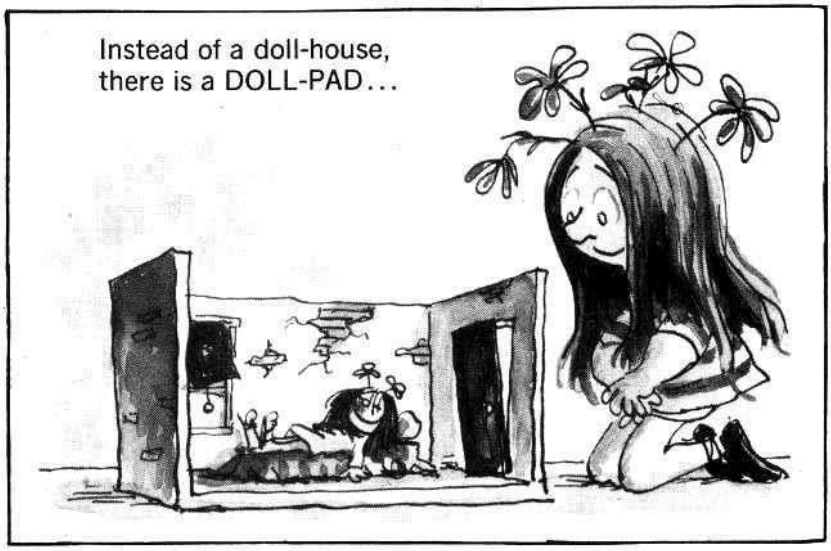
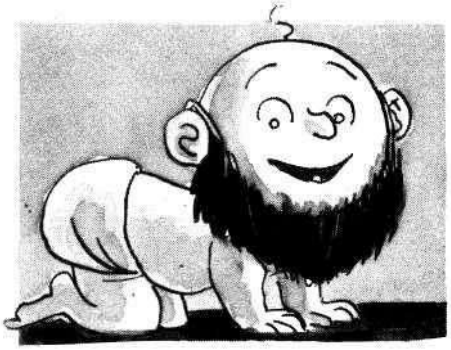
Hippies don't want any part of the 'square' world and, let's face it, most toys-in fact ALL toys-are part of the establishment. So, SICK, which is concerned for children of hippies, has designed a complete line of...

HIPPIE TOYS

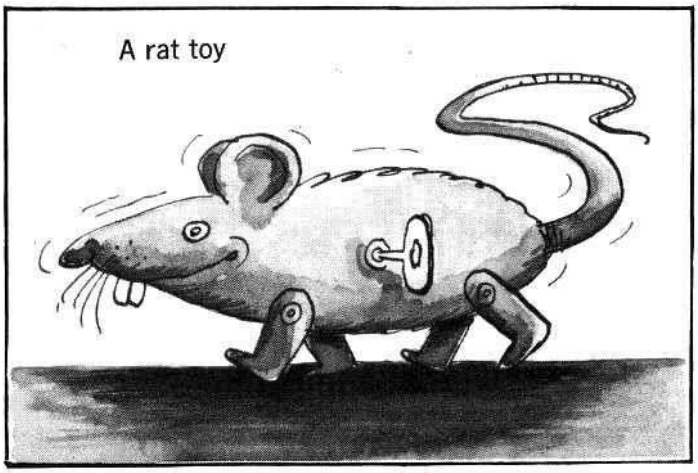
by B. Wiseman



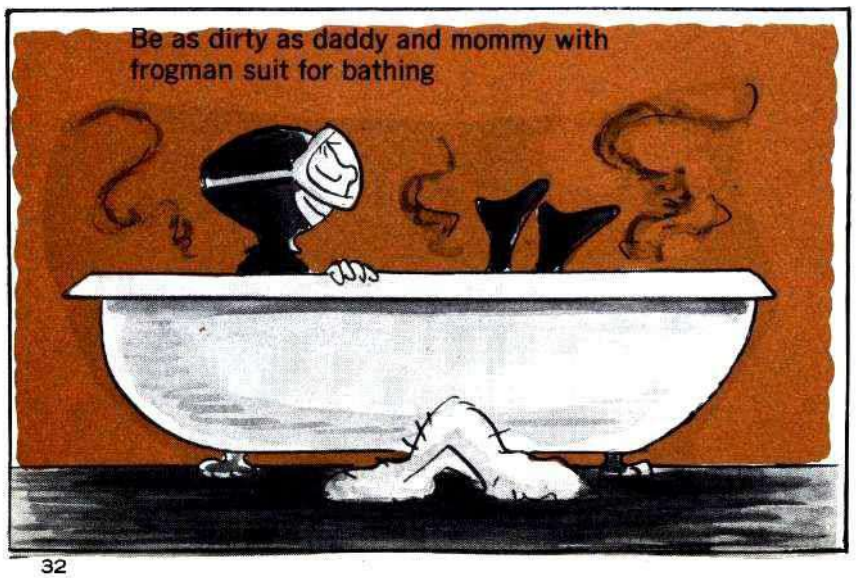


A non-washable doll called 'smello' which has a familiar odor...

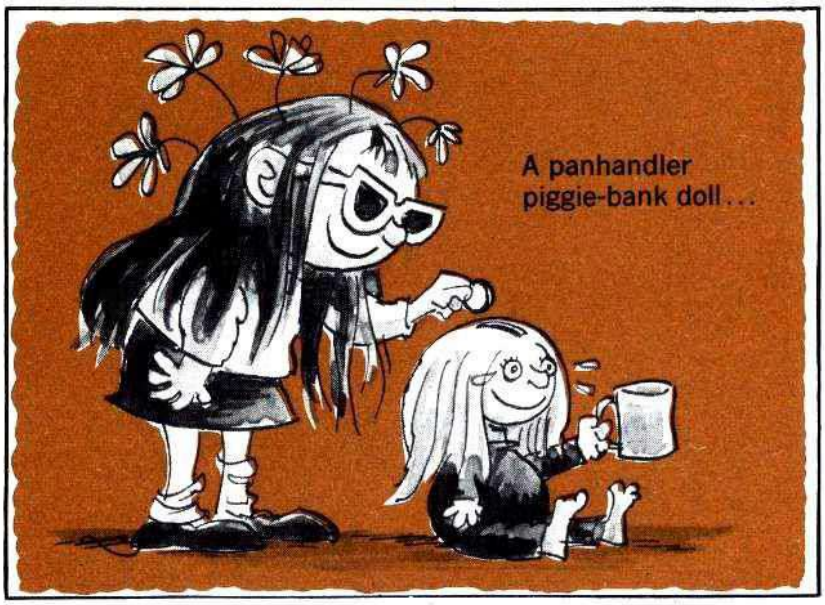
Instead of play money, play welfare checks



"Adult" masks to frighten friends on halloween



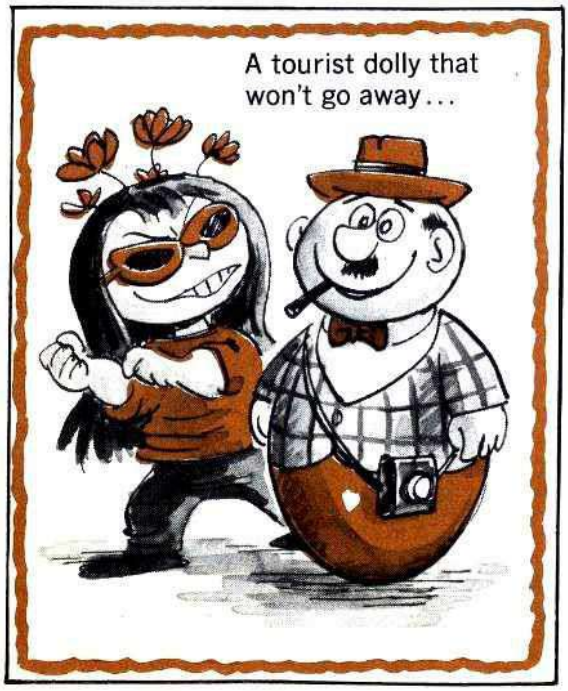
Real crawling bedbugs and lice...



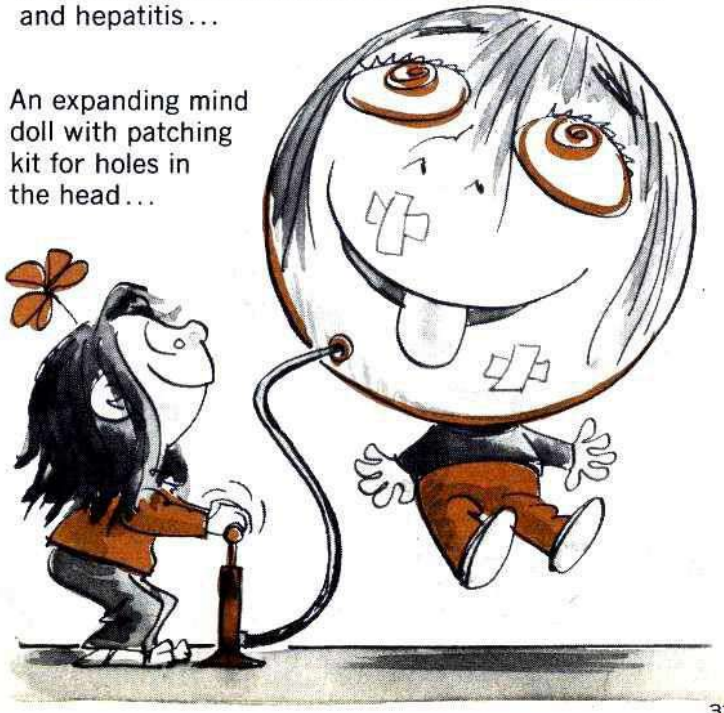
A cuddly Allan Ginsburg doll
for baby hippies of both sexes...

Hippie alphabet blocks

A doctor kit contains doll patients with malnutrition
and hepatitis...



An expanding mind
doll with patching
kit for holes in
the head...



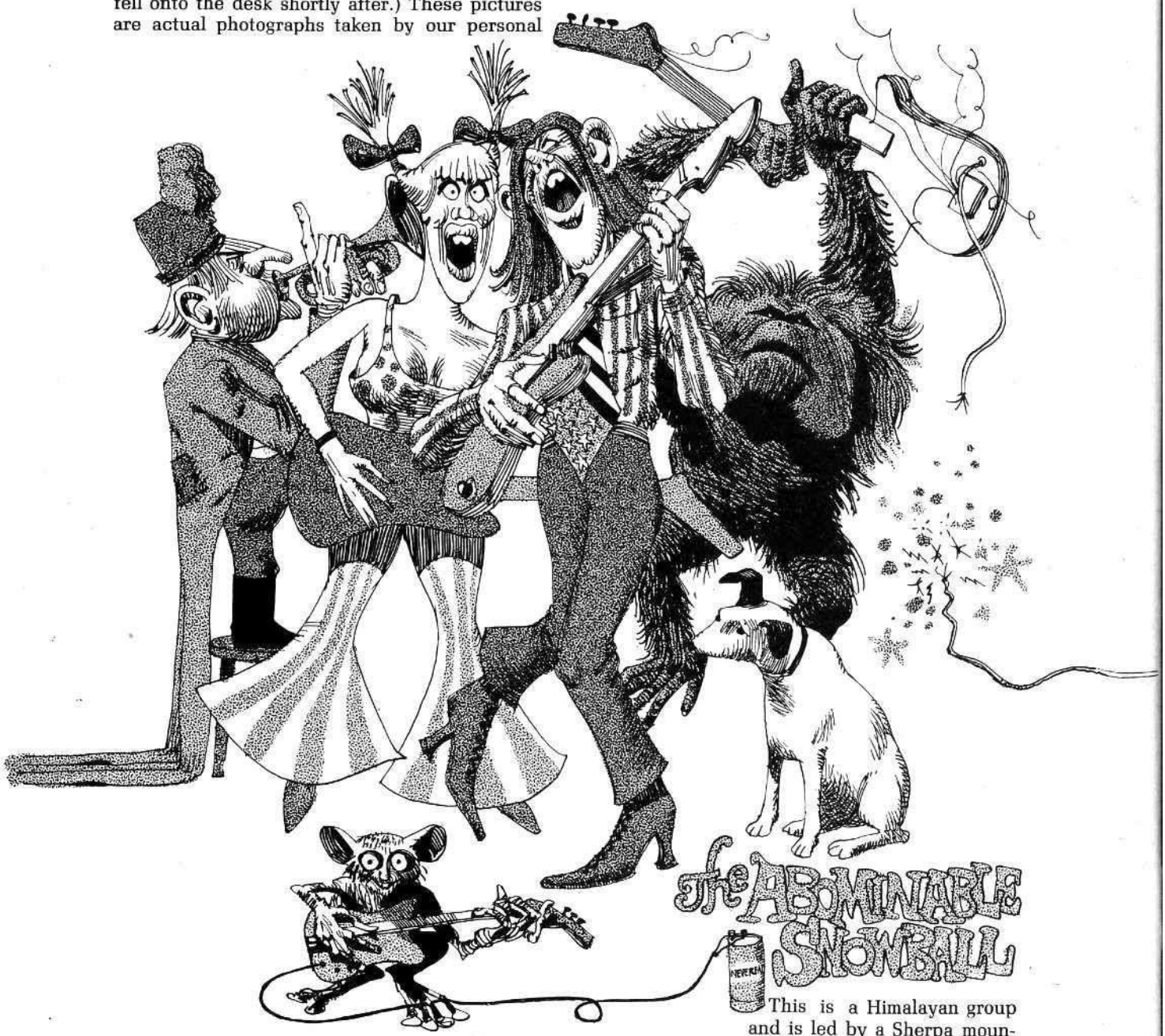
So You Want to Name a Group

New musical groups with strange-sounding names pop up everywhere every time you turn around (which should teach adults not to turn around). Now these groups all play the same kind of music, right down to the last flatted fifth or flatted head, whichever occurs first. The only difference is among the wild, way-out names.

With readers sending in ideas for new groups, SICK has become a receptacle (against our wishes) of all these titles. Herewith is the latest batch which fell onto our desk this morning. (The editor fell onto the desk shortly after.) These pictures are actual photographs taken by our personal photographer, Professor Actual.

Since the name is the important aspect of musical success today, if you have some suggestions, send them in to SICK and the good professor will round up a group of semi-professional musicians to fit the name, and take their picture. Your group name may send a group of youngsters on to fame and fortune. At least it will keep them off the streets.

Pictured here are:



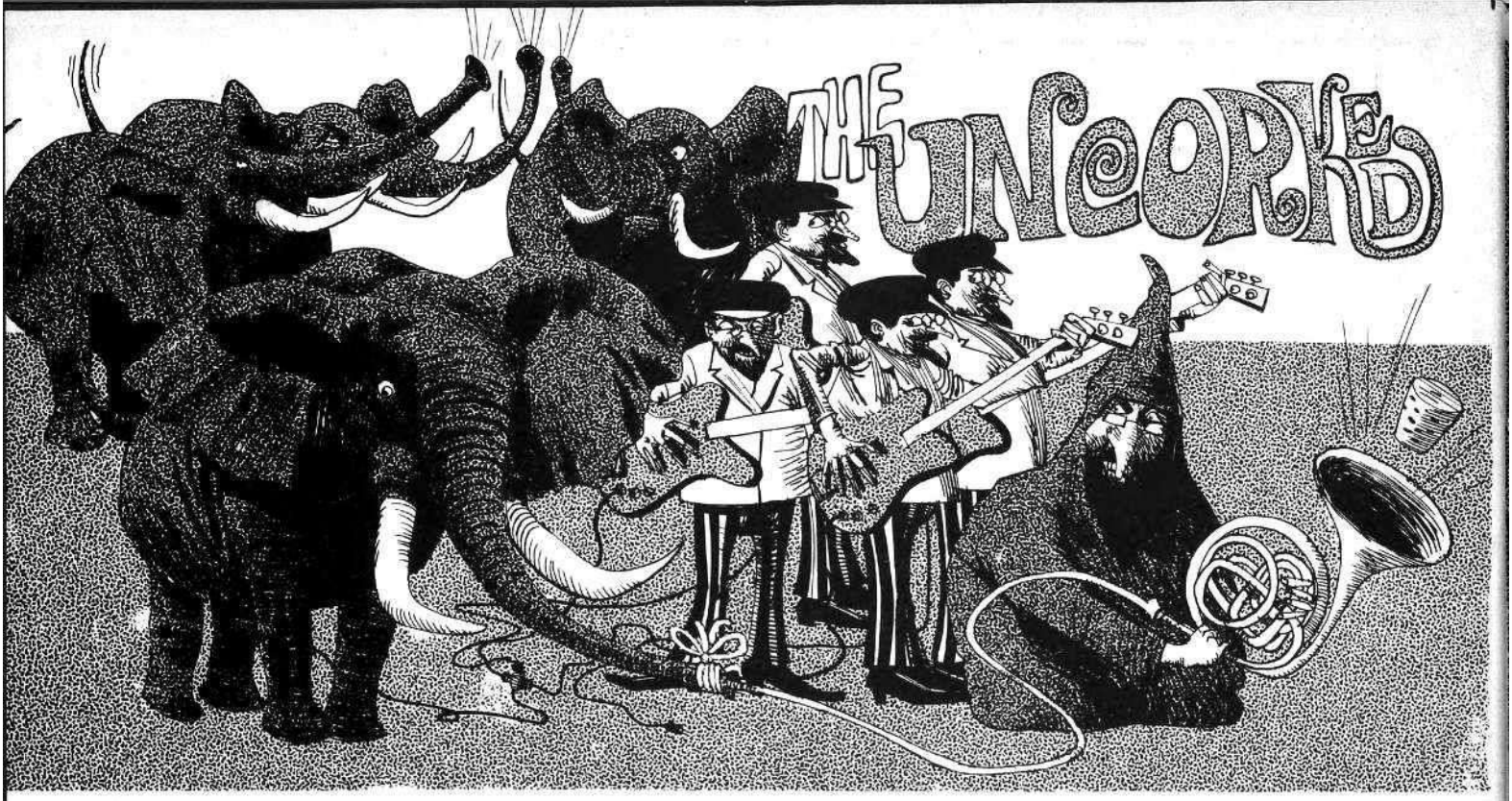
This is a Himalayan group and is led by a Sherpa mountain guide. The group recently climbed the Alps, Mt. Washington and Wilt Chamberlain. Unfortunately they returned unscathed. The dog pictured is their mascot. He is looking for "His Master's Vice."

The Brotherless Motherless

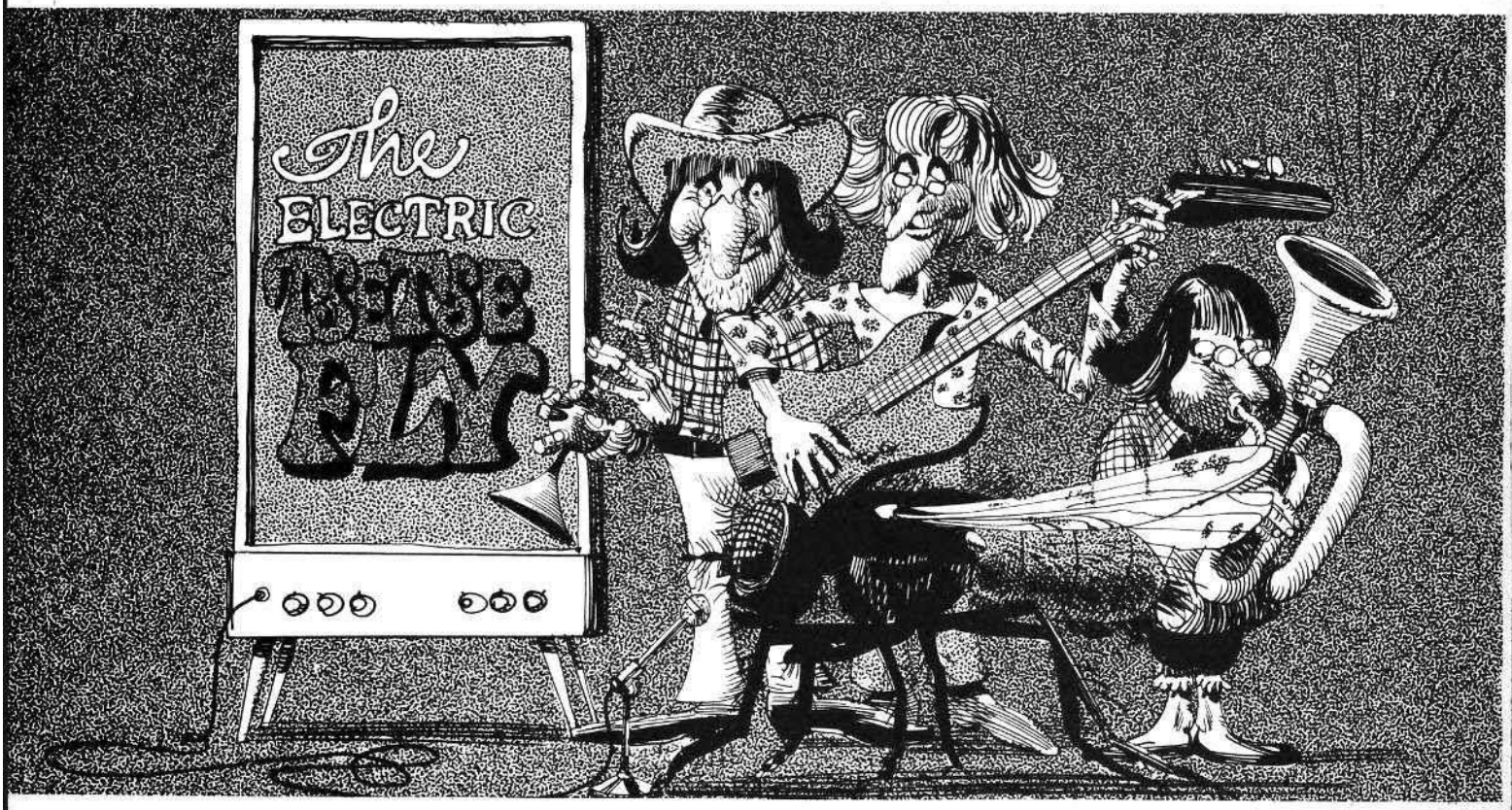
This group featuring mallets, steam whistles and the viola bastardas, records for the *Sibling* label. They are trying to hire Little Orphan Annie as vocalist, but Daddy Warbucks doesn't want her to drop out of obedience school.

The Outbound In-Laws

These people are all related to each other and they deserve it. They get together every Thanksgiving to eat and play their music. It was so bad the turkey got up and left. They are known alternately as "The Mamas and Papas Plus Three" or as "that rotten group."



Pop Effervescent is the leader of this group which records on the *Burial Ground* label. Their music is so bad even the elephants don't like to remember it. Some of the songs they play are *"Don't Pack Your Trunk Over Me," "Nine, Ten, Elephant"* and *"Tusk, Tusk, It's Turning Dusk."* They're awful.



The bad part about this group is that when they play music with a bite you *don't* get sleeping sickness. These three musicians are rejects from the jungle fever experimental station in deepest Africa. They died. This photograph was taken from memory shortly after the group played to fleeing room only at the *Malaria Room* in the Belgian Congo.

One of the latest from the health fad school of music, they play low-calorie stomps, wheat germ blues and sesame swing songs. They feature concertina, mandolins and buckwheat cakes without polysaturation. Poly Saturation is their vocalist, who unfortunately isn't seen. She died from an overdose of health foods.

The ORGANIC REMAINS
WAVE IT
The PROFESSOR

SICKCERELY YOURS..

(Continued from page 9)

How's everything? Very sick I hope. I buy your magazines everytime a new issue comes up. I've become very sick, ever since I've started reading your nutty tactics, but I've become the happiest person ever in this whole sick, sick world. I'm in the army, and I hate it, but whenever I want to get away from it all, I just flip open a page of Sick and my mind is completely free from the army, and I become very sick and happy. I vow to you sick people that I will always be the loyalist buyer as well as a subscriber to the book that has made a new man out of me.

Kenneth C. Ulmor
U.S. Army

Ed: Sick!

I have the Nov. issue of Sick. You did a terrible thing on the Beatles. Why did you? I love them all. John Lennon with the round glasses, real long hair and animal fur on him—Why? Paul McCartney looks like a girl with long hair and animal fur. Ringo Starr looks ugly with long hair down his back and animal fur too. George Harrison! How could you? Why! He looks like a big eyed animal with fur and real long hair. I would like you to do something better, like a little story with the Beatles in it, please?

Susan Vallee
Bethal, Conn.

Ed: That was the best we could do, Susan.

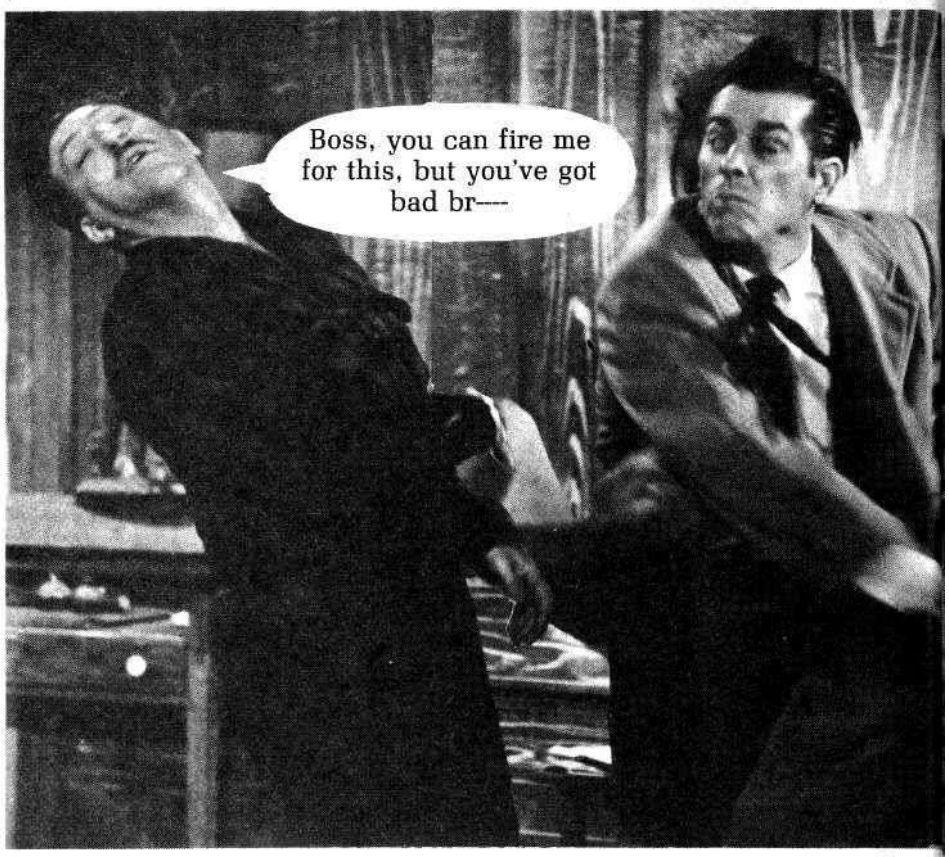
We would appreciate your publishing our address in your magazine. We shall send the names of all Rhodesian and South African boys and girls to your readers who write us.

If you help us we'll be happy. If you don't we will still continue to read your publication as we find it to be hilarious.

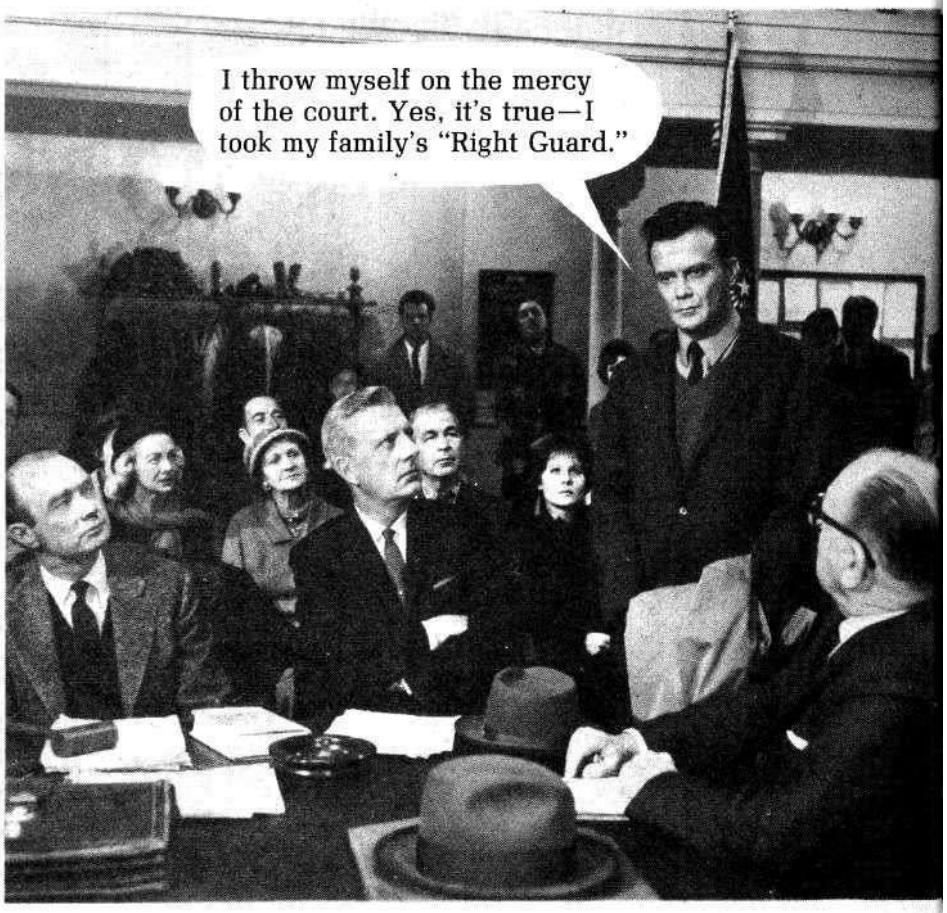
We urge readers to appraise us of their age, gender and interests. A photo would also be helpful. Also appraise us of the nature of the pen-pal desired.

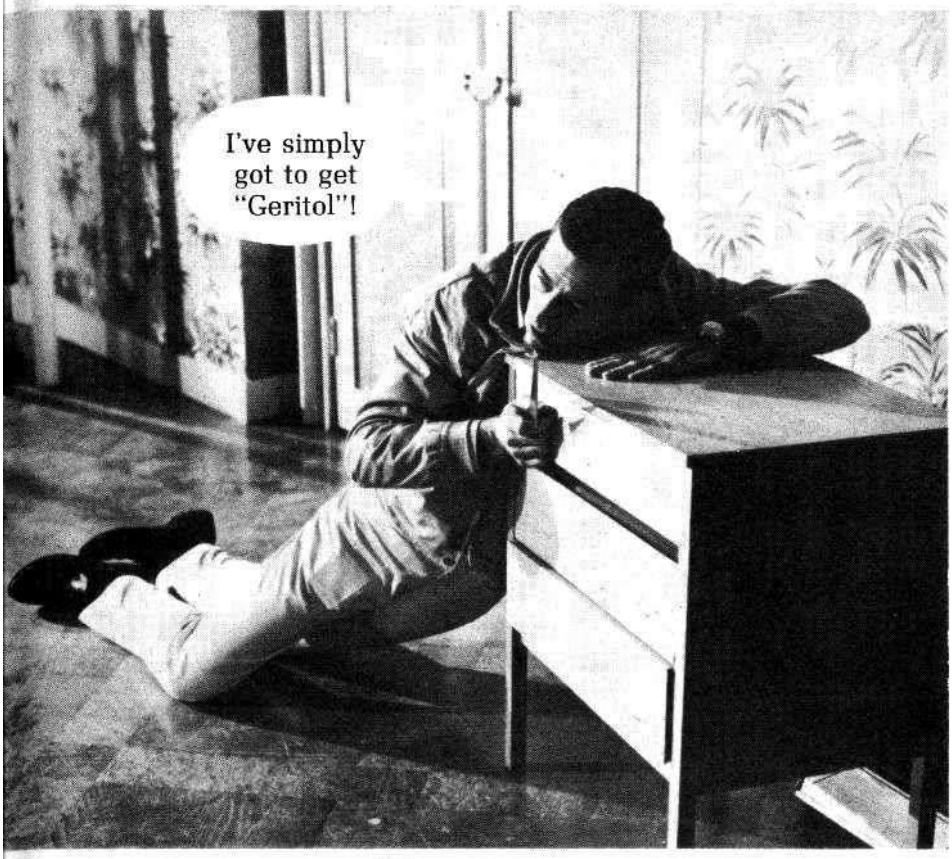
Carry on now.

American Friends of Rhodesia
3 Parker Drive
Nashua, New Hampshire 03060



and now, a brief commercial





pause for a--
message!

the SICK SCENE

(Continued from page 9)

POLITICAL. Robert Kennedy and Charles Percy are the best potential presidential candidates in the country today, because they have such a good command of humor. Both use humor well in their speeches.

You'll remember that the humor writers decide who is elected president, as the candidate who is the butt of the most jokes is always the loser.

• • •

FIGHT CITY HALL. George Q. Lewis, guiding hickey of the Humor Exchange Network, has called on his membership (several hundred comics and comedy writers) to write their Senators, Congressmen and Governors, calling for the Senate Labor and Public Welfare to make a Congressional investigation of the country's declining sense of humor. (Ah, come on George. Why don't you insure the Mayor of New York for $5,000?). Lewis (he wrote "Best Jokes of All Time & How To Tell Them") also has started "Read A Joke Week." He wants everyone to read a joke a day, hopefully from his book (This brings me to suggest that we have an "End To Special Weeks Week," or even "An End To Insuring Stuff With Lloyd's To Get Publicity Week." But, as Scatch Korsiv always used to say: "If you haven't knocked it, it must not be any good."

• • •

WMAL (A Washington, D. C. radio station) has a wild DJ named Jim Evans. He speaks his mind and still keeps his job, so he has to be good, right? Well, he says that if it weren't for 50 percent of the people, the other 50 percent would be all of them.

• • •

Dick West, who writes funny columns for United Press International, says the world's mixed metaphor championship goes to Fred V. Heinkel, head of the Midcontinent Farmers Association, who, in commenting on President Johnson reducing dairy imports, said: "We would have had milk running out of our ears if the President had not taken the bull by the horns." . . . (Dairy farmers do real well in Congress. That's because they have a lot of pull.)

FUN CITY ADS

In an effort to lure more tourist dollars to New York, jestingly referred to as **Fun City**, the city's Chamber of Commerce has launched a campaign extolling the joys and beauties of Gotham.

There are vivid descriptions of such famous sites as Grant's Tomb (where eight Groucho Marx contestants are buried), the Statue of Liberty, the Bronx Zoo, the ready room where New York school teachers are taught karate, etc. As in all come-on literature, only the good things are discussed.

We feel they should be a little more honest in their presentation. The other features of New York should be brought out and emphasized, so people will have a chance to learn what New York is really like.

Hi there, all you rubes out there in Sticksville. Tired of being called a Yonkers Yokel? A Ridgefield Rube? Why not do what smarties all over the country are doing? Why not be a New Yorker?

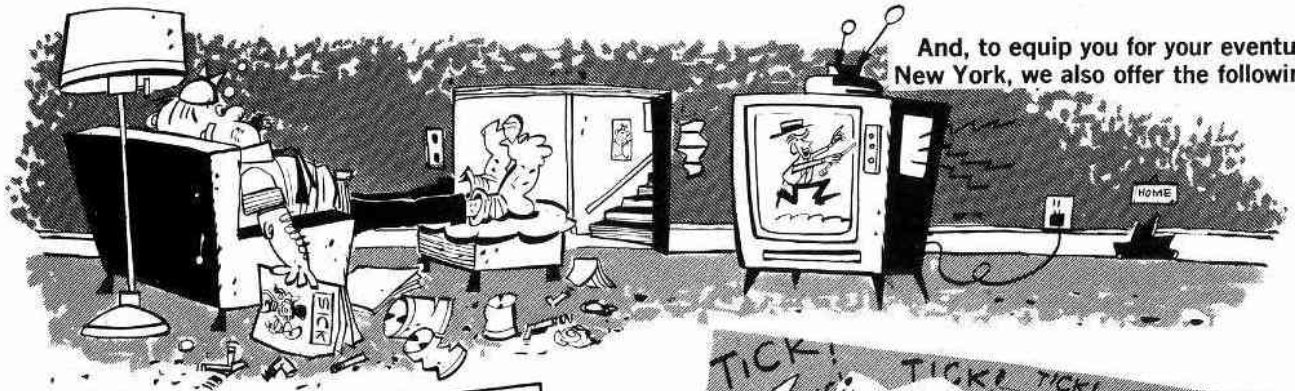
Yes, send for our *Be A New Yorker Kit* today and receive the following:

Seven shirt collars encrusted with pollution from genuine bus exhaust.

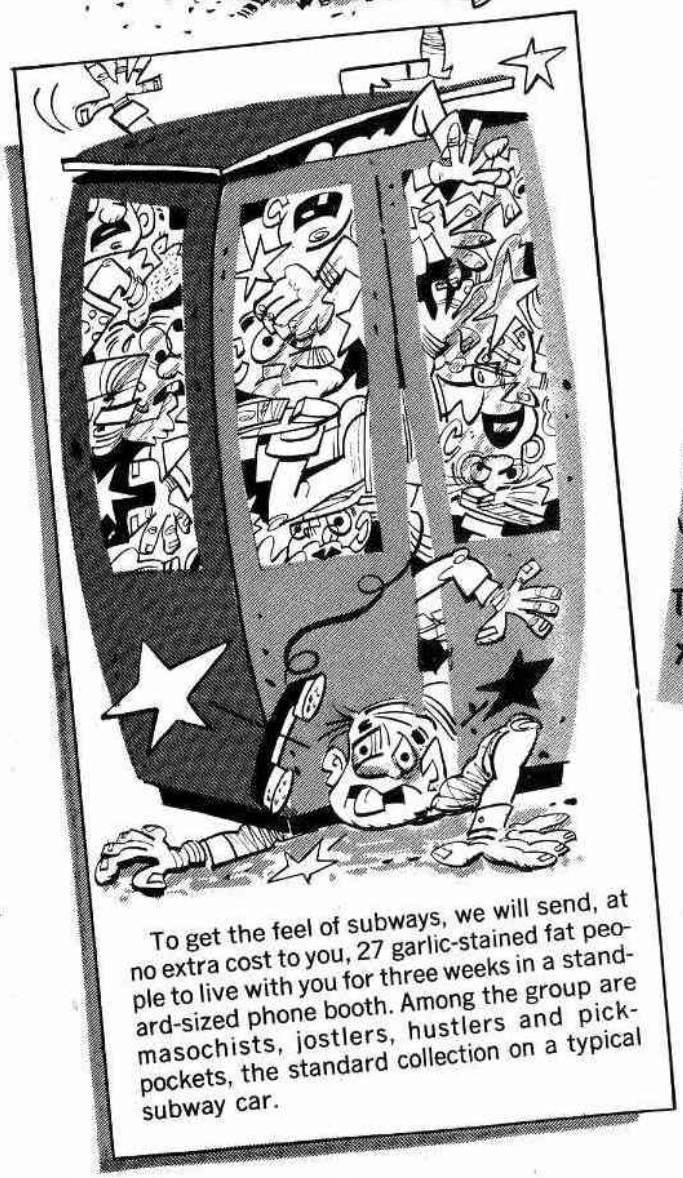
A revised catalog of crude insults to be said to perfect strangers.

A year's supply of vulgar noises to be used on busy streets and in crowded places.

Script by Bill Majeski Art by Bill Kresse

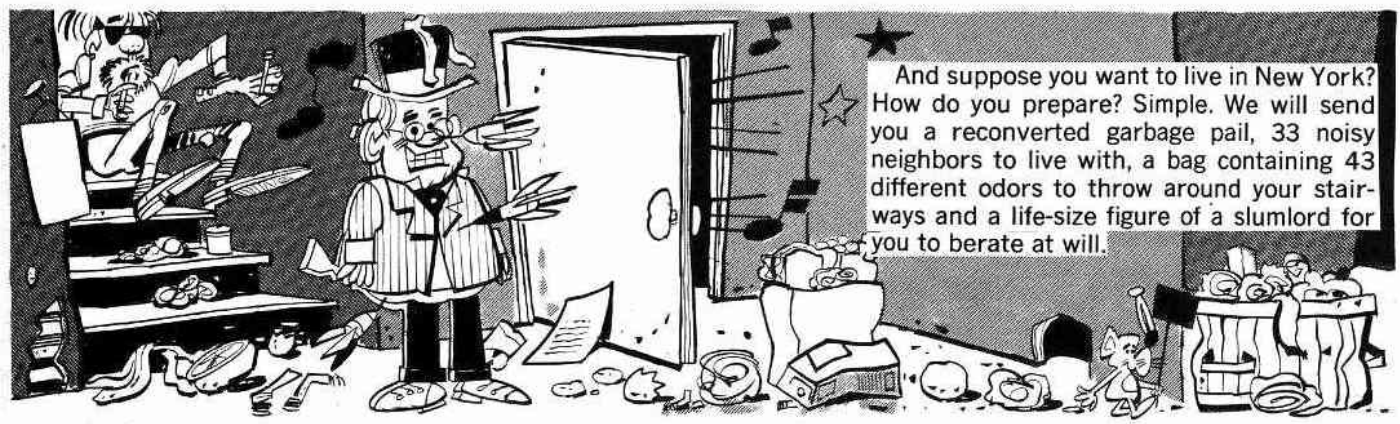


And, to equip you for your eventual trip to New York, we also offer the following—



To get the feel of subways, we will send, at no extra cost to you, 27 garlic-stained fat people to live with you for three weeks in a standard-sized phone booth. Among the group are masochists, jostlers, hustlers and pickpockets, the standard collection on a typical subway car.

And for those who look forward to being a taxi passenger in New York, we will send a behemoth from Brooklyn who will talk without let up for 10 days against the background of a ticking meter. He will teach you tipping etiquette, with the aid, if necessary, of a lead pipe.



And suppose you want to live in New York? How do you prepare? Simple. We will send you a reconverted garbage pail, 33 noisy neighbors to live with, a bag containing 43 different odors to throw around your stairways and a life-size figure of a slumlord for you to berate at will.

In addition, as a bonus for quick action, we will send you a month's supply of drunks, stewbums and junkies who will block your doorway.

Act fast. Today! Write to: **Be a New Yorker,** Box 23, the Boulevard of Broken Dreams Station, New York City, together with your check for $197.50 — slightly higher west of John Lindsay.

And now, what if you don't have that $197.50? How do you get it? Simply be a New Yorker. Mug an elderly lady on West 88th Street and take her money! It's as easy as that.

And as a super double extra bonus, if you act super-double-extra-fast, we will send you a crack team of laborers who will tear up your very own street beyond repair and disappear forever!

Be a New Yorker — today!

--AND I SAY THIS IS NOT THE L.I. EXPRESSWAY!

E DRAFT! (IT'S COLD)

STOKELY
EATS WATERMELON

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN
FOR UNCLE SAM
BUT I LOVE AUNT MAMIE

LURLEEN
WALLACE
IS REALLY AUNT JEMINA

, WE WON'T GO!
(UNLESS YOU ASK US NICE)

When it's better not to be there in person—why not telephone? After all, you can imagine what the old man will say if he finds out you've been smoking pot and taking LSD on the money he sent you for your tuition, so why not play it safe and telephone?